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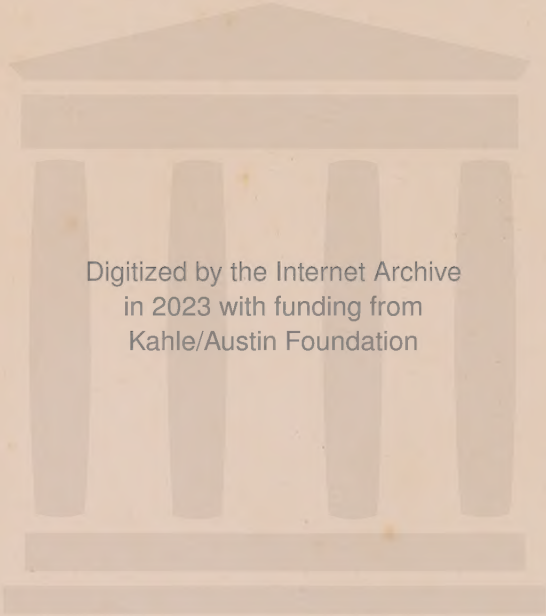
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PEN-PORTRAITS AND CHARACTER-SKETCHES

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SELECTED BY

A. E. M. BAYLISS M.A.

EDITOR OF
"TRAVELLERS TALES AND SKETCHES"
ETC.

GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD.
LONDON BOMBAY SYDNEY

First published 1929
by GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD.
39–41 *Parker Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2*

Printed in Great Britain by The Riverside Press Limited
Edinburgh

NOTE

THE editor's thanks are hereby tendered to Messrs Cassell and Co., Ltd., and the Incorporated Society of Authors for permission to use two extracts from Stevenson's *Treasure Island*; to Mr John Masefield, for "The Tarry Buccaneer," from *Salt-water Ballads*; to Mr James Stephens, for "Seumas Beg," from *The Adventures of Seumas Beg*; to Messrs William Heinemann, Ltd., for "The Beast of Burden," from W. Somerset Maugham's *On a Chinese Screen*; to Messrs Thornton Butterworth, Ltd., and the Warden of New College, Oxford, for an extract from H. A. L. Fisher's *Napoleon*; to Messrs Methuen and Co., Ltd., for E. V. Lucas's "Jack" and "Mr Alfred Mynn"; to Messrs John Lane The Bodley Head, Ltd., for E. C. Lefroy's "A Cricket Bowler"; to Messrs Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd., for John Drinkwater's "Mrs Willow"; to Messrs Chatto and Windus, for an extract from Thomas Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree*; to Mr Laurence Binyon, for an extract from "The Roadmenders"; to Messrs Macmillan and Co., Ltd., for two extracts from Maurice Hewlett's *The Queen's Quair*; and to Messrs Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd., for the extracts from J. H. Newman's *Idea of a University* and J. A. Froude's *Cæsar: a Sketch*.

A. E. M. B.

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INTRODUCTION

THE book you are about to read is a collection of pen-portraits and character-sketches culled from English literature. It aims at introducing you to a wider circle of acquaintances than you have met, or ever could meet, in real life. Some of the people described will be old friends you have already come across in your own reading ; for they were suggested to me as favourites by school pupils of about your own age. There are many, however, that may be quite new to you, occurring as they do in all kinds of stories, not to mention other branches of literature. They are here for your enjoyment, and a very mixed company they are too—heroes and heroines of history as well as of fiction—people ordinary and extraordinary, old and young, rich and poor, great and small, humorous and pathetic.

I have no doubt that up to the present you have been interested in books chiefly for the sake of the stories they tell. But you cannot have stories without characters, and these characters, if they are to appear *real* to you, must be described. Sometimes a writer does not give you a very clear idea of them, and because they lack *life* for want of graphic detail, his story, no matter how exciting, suffers in consequence. A good author, however, tries to make you picture them for yourselves, either by giving you a vivid portrait of their personal appearance, or by showing you how they think and behave in all sorts of situations, thus revealing their characters.

Sometimes these pen-portraits and character-sketches are developed slowly—in close connection with a series

of events—so that you get to know your heroes and heroines gradually. Their personalities are unfolded, so to speak, as you go on. At other times you are introduced to them by having their personal appearance minutely described first, so that you can picture them in your minds before learning more about the part they play in the story. From such a portrait you ought to be able to anticipate their characters before they are fully developed through the medium of action.

Do not forget, however, that when an author describes anybody he does so with a special purpose—viz. that of creating a particular impression suited to the *rôle* that character has to act. A snapshot taken by a camera might give you a totally different impression. For one thing, it might tell you more than was necessary, and the effect would be less clear and vivid through your being embarrassed with too much detail. An artist, on the other hand, whether he be a painter or a writer, is able to select and arrange his details in such a way as to make his portrait significant. He makes you see the important things and avoids elaborating unnecessary points. In this way he ensures that you will share his own impressions and see a person through his eyes.

Dickens is a great artist in words: his men and women are so real that you often feel you have met them, or people just like them, in actual life. How does he make them so realistic? Partly by his skill in using apt comparisons and illustrations, and partly by expressive little touches which, though apparently trivial, suggest a great deal. Then, again, he was an acute observer and had a vivid memory. Moreover, he was keenly interested in all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children. No one has given us a wider range of portraits in English literature, for he came into contact with an extraordinary variety of types, and described them with sympathy and understanding. Most of all he loved to portray oddities, so that many of

his thumb-nail sketches are those of queer-looking people with peculiarities of physiognomy, speech, or dress. Whenever such portraits are exaggerated and aim at a grotesque effect by over-emphasizing particular characteristics they are called caricatures. If you look at *Punch* you will find caricatures in the form of pictures done by ' black-and-white ' artists.

Now while Dickens' characters were drawn more especially from his own times, Scott aimed at making the past live before the eyes of his readers. To do this he had to create pen-portraits of historical characters, some of them real, some imaginary. I say *create*, because in order to describe people of a bygone age effectively one must possess not only accurate knowledge, but constructive imagination. Scott had both, and was thus able to breathe life into the past and make it realistic.

But all pen-portraits and character-sketches are not contained in fiction: you will find excellent specimens in essays, letters, and journals; and some of them are reproduced in this collection to show you how interest in different types of humanity was alive even before the novel existed as a popular form of literature.

It is not often possible to get a pure character-sketch, unmixed with portraiture. In this book you will find a few ' types,' which are descriptions of the essential qualities of a particular kind of person, such as a beggar or a milkmaid; not one special beggar or milkmaid, notice, but a representative of the entire class. These are known as ' characters,' and are thus defined by Sir Thomas Overbury, who, with the help of " other learned gentlemen, his friends," wrote a whole book of them: " It is a picture (real or personal) quaintly drawn, in various colours, all of them heightened by one shadowing."

These ' typical ' sketches belong to the seventeenth century, long before the character-essay became popular in the hands of Steele and Addison, and still longer before the character-novel took its rise; so that in this

book we are really working backward in point of time. The reason is that the easiest approach to the study of literary portraits is by way of the story, which provides you with a definite setting or background. As you proceed through the collection you will find more and more 'isolated' extracts, which will call for a certain amount of thought and imagination on your part if you are to appreciate them to the best advantage. In the case of historical passages, you will see the usefulness of supplementing your knowledge by reference to other sources of information.

So far as I know, this is the first collection of pen-portraits and character-sketches that has ever been offered to boys and girls of your age. Two results, I hope, will follow from this experiment. First, you will be sufficiently interested in the people described to want to know more about them, and so will read the books from which they are taken. Second, you will begin to appreciate the artistry involved in the making of a good portrait. For this, various devices or 'tricks of the trade' are necessary, as you will gradually discover. There is no reason why you should be content with reading: try writing sketches for yourselves. The exercises provided will suggest useful lines on which you may proceed. You will learn more from your own efforts, perhaps, than from a mere study of the work of others, and will also be in a better position to appreciate real literature.

ARMS AND THE MAN

THE BLACK KNIGHT AND FRIAR TUCK

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE whole peaceful and quiet scene lay glimmering in twilight before the eyes of the traveller, giving him good assurance of lodging for the night ; since it was a special duty of those hermits who dwelt in the woods, to exercise hospitality towards benighted or bewildered passengers.

Accordingly the knight took no time to consider minutely the particulars which we have detailed, but thanking St Julian (the patron of travellers), who had sent him good harbourage, he leaped from his horse and assailed the door of the hermitage with the butt of his lance, in order to arouse attention and gain admittance.

It was some time before he obtained any answer, and the reply, when made, was unpropitious.

" Pass on, whosoever thou art," was the answer given by a deep hoarse voice from within the hut, " and disturb not the servant of God and St Dunstan in his evening devotions."

" Worthy father," answered the knight, " here is a poor wanderer bewildered in these woods, who gives thee the opportunity of exercising thy charity and hospitality."

" Good brother," replied the inhabitant of the hermitage, " it has pleased Our Lady and St Dunstan to destine me for the object of those virtues, instead of the exercise thereof. I have no provisions here which even a dog would share with me, and a horse of any tenderness

of nurture would despise my couch—pass therefore on thy way, and God speed thee."

"But how," replied the knight, "is it possible for me to find my way through such a wood as this, when darkness is coming on? I pray you, reverend father, as you are a Christian, to undo your door and at least point out to me my road."

"And I pray you, good Christian brother," replied the anchorite, "to disturb me no more. You have already interrupted one *pater*, two *aves*, and a *credo*, which I, miserable sinner that I am, should, according to my vow, have said before moonrise."

"The road—the road!" vociferated the knight, "give me directions for the road, if I am to expect no more from thee."

"The road," replied the hermit, "is easy to hit. The path from the wood leads to a morass, and from thence to a ford, which, as the rains have abated, may now be passable. When thou hast crossed the ford, thou wilt take care of thy footing up the left bank, as it is somewhat precipitous; and the path, which hangs over the river, has lately, as I learn (for I seldom leave the duties of my chapel), given way in sundry places. Thou wilt then keep straight forward – –"

"A broken path—a precipice—a ford, and a morass!" said the knight, interrupting him,—"Sir Hermit, if you were the holiest that ever wore beard or told bead, you shall scarce prevail on me to hold this road to-night. I tell thee that thou, who livest by the charity of the country—ill deserved, as I doubt it is—hast no right to refuse shelter to the wayfarer when in distress. Either open the door quickly or, by the rood, I will beat it down and make entry for myself."

"Friend wayfarer," replied the hermit, "be not importunate; if thou puttest me to use the carnal weapon in mine own defence, it will be e'en the worse for you."

At this moment a distant noise of barking and growl-

ing, which the traveller had for some time heard, became extremely loud and furious, and made the knight suppose that the hermit, alarmed by his threat of making forcible entry, had called the dogs who made this clamour to aid him in his defence, out of some inner recess in which they had been kennelled. Incensed at this preparation on the hermit's part for making good his inhospitable purpose, the knight struck the door so furiously with his foot, that posts as well as staples shook with violence.

The anchorite, not caring again to expose his door to a similar shock, now called out aloud, " Patience, patience —spare thy strength, good traveller, and I will presently undo the door, though, it may be, my doing so will be little to thy pleasure."

The door accordingly was opened ; and the hermit, a large, strong-built man, in his sackcloth gown and hood, girt with a rope of rushes, stood before the knight. He had in one hand a lighted torch, or link, and in the other a baton of crabtree, so thick and heavy, that it might well be termed a club. Two large shaggy dogs, half greyhound, half mastiff, stood ready to rush upon the traveller as soon as the door should be opened. But when the torch glanced upon the lofty crest and golden spurs of the knight who stood without, the hermit, altering probably his original intentions, repressed the rage of his auxiliaries, and, changing his tone to a sort of churlish courtesy, invited the knight to enter his hut, making excuse for his unwillingness to open his lodge after sunset by alleging the multitude of robbers and outlaws who were abroad, and who gave no honour to Our Lady or St Dunstan, nor to those holy men who spent life in their service.

" The poverty of your cell, good father," said the knight, looking around him, and seeing nothing but a bed of leaves, a crucifix rudely carved in oak, a missal, with a rough-hewn table and two stools, and one or two clumsy articles of furniture—" the poverty of your cell

should seem a sufficient defence against any risk of thieves, not to mention the aid of two trusty dogs, large and strong enough, I think, to pull down a stag, and, of course, to match with most men."

"The good keeper of the forest," said the hermit, "hath allowed me the use of these animals, to protect my solitude until the times shall mend."

Having said this, he fixed his torch in a twisted branch of iron which served for a candlestick; and placing the oaken trivet before the embers of the fire, which he refreshed with some dry wood, he placed a stool upon one side of the table, and beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down, and gazed with great gravity at each other, each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him.

"Reverend hermit," said the knight, after looking long and fixedly at his host, "were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your holiness; first, where I am to put my horse?—secondly, what I can have for supper?—thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?"

"I will reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. "Your stable," said he, "is there—your bed there; and," reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched pease upon it from the neighbouring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added, "your supper is here."

The knight shrugged his shoulders, and leaving the hut, brought in his horse (which in the interim he had fastened to a tree), unsaddled him with much attention, and spread upon the steed's weary back his own mantle.

The hermit was apparently somewhat moved to

compassion by the anxiety as well as address which the stranger displayed in tending his horse ; for, muttering something about provender left for the keeper's palfrey, he dragged out of a recess a bundle of forage, which he spread before the knight's charger, and immediately afterwards shook down a quantity of dried fern in the corner which he had assigned for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy ; and, this duty done, both resumed their seats by the table, whereon stood the trencher of pease placed between them. The hermit, after a long grace, which had once been Latin, but of which original language few traces remained, excepting here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase, set example to his guest, by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a boar both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried pease, a miserable grist as it seemed for so large and able a mill.

The knight, in order to follow so laudable an example, laid aside his helmet, his corslet, and the greater part of his armour, and showed to the hermit a head thick-curled with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with moustaches darker than his hair, and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring, and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and showed a round bullet head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His close-shaven crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled black hair, had something the appearance of a parish pinfold begirt by its high hedge. The features expressed nothing of monastic austerity or of ascetic privations; on the contrary, it was a bold bluff countenance, with broad black eyebrows, a well-turned forehead, and

cheeks as round and vermilion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a visage, joined to the brawny form of the holy man, spoke rather of sirloins and haunches, than of pease and pulse. This incongruity did not escape the guest. After he had with great difficulty accomplished the mastication of a mouthful of the dried pease, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain.

"It is from the well of St Dunstan," said he, "in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!" And applying his black beard to the pitcher, he took a draught much more moderate in quantity than his encomium seemed to warrant.

"It seems to me, reverend father," said the knight, "that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy, but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvellously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the bucklers at a sword-play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses, and living upon parched pease and cold water."

"Sir Knight," answered the hermit, "your thoughts, like those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. It has pleased Our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself, even as the pulse and water was blessed to the children Shadrach, Meschech, and Abednego, who drank the same rather than defile themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the King of the Saracens."

"Holy father," said the knight, "upon whose countenance it hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name."

"Thou mayest call me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts.—They add, it is true, the epithet holy, but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition.—And now, valiant knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honourable guest?"

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight,—many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished."

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been to the licence of courts and camps, and the luxuries of cities; and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest-walk left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food, which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations."

"I dare be sworn he did so," said the knight; "I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl.—Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow; and none who beheld thy grinders contending with these pease, and thy throat flooded with this ungenial element, could see thee doomed to such horse-provender and horse-beverage" (pointing to the provisions upon the table) "and refrain from mending thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act prudently in trusting his guest. There was, however, as much of bold

frankness in the knight's countenance as was possible to be expressed by features. His smile, too, had something in it irresistibly comic, and gave an assurance of faith and loyalty, with which his host could not refrain from sympathizing.

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the farther side of the hut, and opened a hutch, which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest, who, using his poniard to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper has been here?" said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several hasty morsels of this reinforcement to the hermit's good cheer.

"About two months," answered the father hastily.

"By the true Lord," answered the knight, "everything in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk! for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week."

The hermit was somewhat discountenanced by this observation; and, moreover, he had made but a poor figure while gazing on the diminution of the pasty on which his guest was making desperate inroads; a warfare in which his previous profession of abstinence left him no pretext for joining.

"I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stopping short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of aught inhospitable, nevertheless I will be highly bound to you would you comply with this Eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule," replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in those days, his clutches were instantly in the bowels of the pasty.

The ice of ceremony being once broken, it seemed matter of rivalry between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former had probably fasted longest, yet the hermit fairly surpassed him.

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gage my good horse yonder against a zecchin, that that same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison has left thee a stoup of wine or a runlet of canary, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite; yet, I think, were you to search yonder crypt once more you would find that I am right in my conjecture."

The hermit replied by a grin: and, returning to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking cups, made out of the horn of the urus, and hooped with silver. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no further ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but filling both cups, and saying, in the Saxon fashion, "*Waes hael*, Sir Sluggish Knight!" he emptied his own at a draught.

"*Drinc hael*, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst!" answered the warrior, and did his host reason in a similar brimmer.

"Holy Clerk," said the stranger, after the first cup was thus swallowed, "I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thews and sinews as thine, and who therewithal shows the talent of so goodly a trencherman, should think of abiding by himself in this wilderness. In my judgement, you are fitter to keep a castle or a fort,

eating of the fat and drinking of the strong, than to live here upon pulse and water, or even upon the charity of the keeper. At least, were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and plenty out of the king's deer. There is many a goodly herd in these forests, and a buck will never be missed that goes to the use of St Dunstan's Chaplain."

"Sir Sluggish Knight," replied the clerk, "these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true hermit to the king and law, and were I to spoil my liege's game, I should be sure of the prison, and, an my gown saved me not, were in some peril of hanging."

"Nevertheless, were I as thou," said the knight, "I would take my walk by moonlight when foresters and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon—as I pattered my prayers,—I would let fly a shaft among the herds of dun deer that feed in the glades.—Resolve me, Holy Clerk, hast thou never practised such a pastime?"

"Friend Sluggard," answered the hermit, "thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my house-keeping, and something more than he deserves who takes up his quarters by violence. Credit me, it is better to enjoy the good which God sends thee, than to be impertinently curious how it comes. Fill thy cup and welcome; and do not, I pray thee, by further impertinent inquiries put me to show that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been earnest to oppose thee."

"By my faith," said the knight, "thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met; and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with."

"Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee," said the hermit; "respecting thy valour much, but deeming

wondrous slightly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution, that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess and curiosity."

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapons.

"There is none," replied the hermit, "from the scissors of Delilah, and the tenpenny nail of Jael, to the scimitar of Goliah, at which I am not a match for thee. But, if I am to make the election, what sayest thou, good friend, to these trinkets?"

Thus speaking, he opened another hutch, and took out from it a couple of broadswords and bucklers, such as were used by the yeomanry of the period. The knight, who watched his motions, observed that this second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long-bows, a cross-bow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half a dozen sheaves of arrows for the former. A harp, and other matters of very uncanonical appearance, were also visible when this dark recess was opened.

"I promise thee, brother Clerk," said he, "I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries; and I see a weapon there" (here he stooped and took out the harp) "on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee, than at the sword and buckler."

"I hope, Sir Knight," said the hermit, "thou hast given no good reason for thy surname of the Sluggard. I do promise thee I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then, and fill thy cup; let us drink, sing, and be merry. If thou knowest ever a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty at Copmanhurst so long as I serve the chapel of St Dunstan, which, please God, shall be

till I change my grey covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon, for it will crave some time to tune the harp; and naught pitches the voice and sharpens the ear like a cup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger-ends before they make the harp-strings tinkle."

From "Ivanhoe"

WARRIORS OF OLD

I. THE KNIGHT OF THE COUCHANT LEOPARD

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or, as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

The warlike pilgrim had toiled among cliffs and precipices during the earlier part of the morning; more lately, issuing from those rocky and dangerous defiles, he had entered upon that great plain, where the accursed cities provoked, in ancient days, the direct and dreadful vengeance of the Omnipotent.

The dress of the rider and the accoutrements of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armour: there was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the

hauberk and the headpiece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncelle, to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armour, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "I sleep—wake me not." An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting.

The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armour made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel axe, or hammer, called a mace-of-arms, and which hung to the saddle-bow; the reins were secured by chain-work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

Nature, which cast his limbs in a mould of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had

endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defiance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind.

Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm-trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his mid-day station. But labour and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The Crusader disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm. His long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. The Christian knight made a

dead halt, confident that, if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. The Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left, and rode twice round his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of an hundred yards. A second time the Heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this elusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprung from the ground, and, calling on his horse, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, the Eastern cavalier strung, with great address, a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of

his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European. Even in this deadly grapple the Saracen was saved by his presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword, his quiver of arrows, and his turban, so he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the *lingua franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the Crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard.

"And now wend we," replied his late foeman, "to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

From "The Talisman"

II. THE NUBIAN SLAVE

Sir Walter Scott

It was the fourth day after Sir Kenneth had been dismissed from the camp; and King Richard sat in his pavilion listening to the busy hum among the soldiery, the clatter from the forges, where horseshoes were pre-

paring, and from the tents of the armourers, who were repairing harness. While Richard's ear drank in these sounds with delight, and while he yielded himself to the visions of conquest and of glory which they suggested, an equerry told him that a messenger from Saladin waited without.

" Admit him instantly," said the King, " and with due honour, Josceline."

The English knight accordingly introduced a person, apparently of no higher rank than a Nubian slave, whose appearance was nevertheless highly interesting. He was of superb stature and nobly framed, and his commanding features, although almost jet-black, showed nothing of negro descent. He wore over his coal-black locks a milk-white turban, and over his shoulders a short mantle of the same colour, open in front and at the sleeves, under which appeared a doublet of dressed leopard's skin reaching within a handbreadth of the knee. In his right hand he held a short javelin, with a broad, bright, steel head, of a span in length, and in his left he led, by a leash of twisted silk and gold, a large and noble stag-hound. The messenger, having touched the earth with his forehead, arose so far as to rest on one knee, while he delivered to the King a silken napkin, enclosing another of cloth and gold, within which was a letter from Saladin.

From " The Talisman "

III. SIR LANCELOT

LORD TENNYSON

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot,
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

From "The Lady of Shalott"

AN ARCHER OF THE SCOTTISH GUARD

SIR WALTER SCOTT

LUDOVIC LESLY, or, as we shall more frequently call him, Le Balafré, by which name he was generally known in France, was upwards of six feet high, robust, strongly compacted in person, and hard-favoured in countenance, which latter attribute was much increased by a large and ghastly scar, which, beginning on his forehead, and narrowly missing his right eye, had laid bare the cheek-bone, and descended from thence almost to the tip of his ear, exhibiting a deep seam, which was sometimes scarlet, sometimes purple, sometimes blue, and sometimes approaching to black; but always hideous, because at variance with the complexion of the face in whatever state it chanced to be, whether agitated or still, flushed with unusual passion, or in its ordinary state of weatherbeaten and sunburnt swarthiness.

His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. . . .

The Archer's gorget, arm-pieces, and gauntlets, were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frostwork of a winter morning upon fern or brier. He wore a loose surcoat, or cassock, of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white St Andrew's cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind—his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel—a broad strong poniard (called the *Mercy of God*) hung by his right side—the baldric for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwealdy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside.

Quentin Durward, though, like the Scottish youth of the period, he had been early taught to look upon arms and war, thought he had never seen a more martial-looking, or more completely equipped and accomplished man-at-arms, than now saluted him in the person of his mother's brother, called Ludovic with the Scar, or Le Balafré ; yet he could not but shrink a little from the grim expression of his countenance, while, with its rough mustaches, he brushed first the one and then the other cheek of his kinsman, welcomed his nephew to France, and, in the same breath, asked what news from Scotland.

From "Quentin Durward"

SERJEANT SCALES

W. Harrison Ainsworth

The door being partially open, gave to view a sparely-made but athletic-looking man, who must have been more than six feet high when he stood erect, seated on a joint-stool, with a large drum between his legs, which he was beating in a furious manner. Little flesh, but a vast deal of muscle, had Serjeant Scales ; his hands were large and bony, so were his feet, so was his face, and his whole frame seemed knotted and compact, and built for a stout resistance against attacks of all kinds, whether from without or within. That he must have undergone much wear and tear was evident ; but the freshness of his complexion, which was streaked with red, like an apple, bore testimony that neither the fatigues of a soldier's life, nor the addiction to good liquor, which was laid to his charge, had impaired his constitution. His nose was of unusual magnitude, and it was probably owing to its prominence that he had received the severe cut across it, which had so nearly robbed him of this remarkable feature.

Nothing, indeed, but the skill of the surgeon of the regiment saved him from complete disfigurement, for his nose had actually been sliced off, and was only found and re-applied to the face some little time after its excision. The restoration, however, was perfect; and though the point of junction to the parent stock could certainly be discovered, the nose was as firmly fixed, as ornamental, and as useful, to all intents and purposes, as ever. The serjeant had a pair of kindly grey eyes, shaded by grizzled brows; his forehead was bald and scarred in several places, while a black patch just above the left temple showed where a recent wound had been received. There was an air of military cleanliness about him. His face was shaved with scrupulous nicety, the scanty locks that graced the sides of his head were carefully powdered, and a tolerably thick pigtail hung down his shoulders. A regimental waistcoat of blue cloth, fitting tight to the shape, and braided with white at the pockets and button-holes; tight white gaiters, ascending above the knee, and fastened beneath it with a black strap; square-toed shoes; a leathern stock; and a little cap of the same material, constituted his attire.

From a peg hung the serjeant's regimental coat, carefully brushed, and with the buttons polished as bright as silver, together with his three-cornered hat. On the left stood a black military chest, with the owner's name inscribed upon it. Above it was a print of the recent royal visit of thanksgiving to St Paul's. Opposite was a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough on horseback, enveloped in clouds of smoke, and calling to his men to charge. . . . On a small deal table, on the right, stood a pair of jack-boots (WHOSE, Mr Proddy could easily divine), a pot of blacking, a box of brushes, a pair of spurs, a knife, and some other trifling matters. On the floor lay a piece of music recently composed, and entitled, "A new health to the Duke of Marlborough, in three glasses," a map of Flanders, and a roll of popular ballads.

Having finished his réveillé, very much, as it appeared, to his own satisfaction, the serjeant got up, and putting the drum aside, proceeded to tie an apron round his waist. After which he took up a boot and began to brush it. . . .

"You know what I hold in my hand, comrade?"

The coachman nodded significantly.

"Yes, it's HIS boot, comrade—HIS boot!" cried the serjeant, emphatically. "I should like to see any man clean this boot but me. . . . And now, look at this boot, Proddy. Observe it well. Do you see anything extraordinary about it?"

"About the heel, or the toe?" asked the coachman.

"You're devoid of soul to make such a reply, Proddy," said the serjeant. "This is a remarkable boot—a very remarkable boot—an historical boot, as I may say. It was worn by the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Ramillies."

From "St James's"

THREE FAMOUS COMMANDERS

I. CÆSAR

J. A. FROUDE

IT was by accident that Cæsar took up the profession of a soldier; yet perhaps no commander who ever lived showed greater military genius. . . .

He was rash, but with a calculated rashness, which the event never failed to justify. His greatest successes were due to the rapidity of his movements, which brought him on the enemy before they heard of his approach. He travelled sometimes a hundred miles a day, reading or writing in his carriage, through countries without roads, and crossing rivers without bridges. No obstacles stopped him when he had a definite end in view. In battle he sometimes rode; but he was more

often on foot, bare-headed, and in a conspicuous dress, that he might be seen and recognized. Again and again by his own efforts he recovered a day that was half lost. He once seized a panic-stricken standard-bearer, turned him round, and told him that he had mistaken the direction of the enemy. He never misled his army as to an enemy's strength, or if he mis-stated their numbers it was to exaggerate. In Africa, before Thapsus, when his officers were nervous at the reported approach of Juba, he called them together and said briefly, "You will understand that within a day King Juba will be here with ten legions, thirty thousand horse, a hundred thousand skirmishers, and three hundred elephants. You are not to think or ask questions. I tell you the truth, and you must prepare for it. If any of you are alarmed, I shall send you home."

Yet he was singularly careful of his soldiers. He allowed his legions rest, though he allowed none to himself. He rarely fought a battle at a disadvantage. He never exposed his men to unnecessary danger, and the loss by wear and tear in the campaigns in Gaul was exceptionally and even astonishingly slight. When a gallant action was performed, he knew by whom it had been done, and every soldier, however humble, might feel assured that if he deserved praise he would have it. The army was Cæsar's family. . . .

In discipline he was lenient to ordinary faults, and not careful to make curious inquiries into such things. He liked his men to enjoy themselves. Military mistakes in his officers too he always endeavoured to excuse, never blaming them for misfortunes, unless there had been a defect of courage as well as judgment. Mutiny and desertion only he never overlooked. And thus no general was ever more loved by, or had greater power over, the army which served under him.

From "Cæsar"

II. MARLBOROUGH

W. Harrison Ainsworth

Incomparably the most distinguished ornament of Anne's Court, or of any Court in Europe, whether as a commander or a statesman, though chiefly, of course, in the former capacity, was the Duke of Marlborough. His great military genius, approved in four glorious campaigns, and signalized by the victories of Schellenberg, Blenheim, and Ramillies, had raised him to a pinnacle of fame unattained by any living commander, and had won for him, in addition to more substantial honours at home, the congratulations of most of the potentates of Europe. The dignity of Prince had been conferred upon him by the Emperor Joseph, and he had been repeatedly thanked for his services by both Houses of Parliament.

No general had ever advanced the military glory of England to such an extent as Marlborough, and his popularity was unbounded. His achievements were the theme of every tongue, his praises were upon every lip; and however he might be secretly opposed, in public he was universally applauded. And well did he merit the highest praise bestowed upon him; well did he merit the highest reward he obtained. His were all the noblest qualities of a general; and his courage and skill were not greater than his magnanimity and lenity. Perfect master of strategics, in enterprise and action he was alike unequalled. In the heat of battle he was calm and composed as in the tent; and a slight advantage gained was by him rapidly improved into a victory, while the victory itself was carried out to its full extent, not in needless slaughter, for no man showed greater consideration and mercy than he did, but in preventing the enemy from rallying. England might well be proud of Marlborough, for he was amongst the greatest of her sons.

Nor were his abilities confined merely to the camp. He shone with almost equal splendour as a diplomatist, and his acute perception of character, his sagacity and extensive political knowledge, combined with his fascination of address and manner, admirably qualified him for negotiation with foreign courts. . . .

Not more distinguished for his mental qualifications than for his personal graces and accomplishments, was the Duke of Marlborough. A perfect courtier, in the best sense of the word, which means that he was a most refined gentleman, the duke superadded the soldier to the courtier, making a matchless combination. Nothing more polished, more graceful, more easy, or which set others more at ease, can be imagined than Marlborough's manner, while at the same time it was dignified and imposing. His figure was lofty, and nobly proportioned; and what with his renown, his stateliness of presence, and his handsome form and features, it was impossible to look at him without admiration.

From "St James's"

III. NAPOLEON

H. A. L. Fisher

As we think of Napoleon Bonaparte what a world of visions and memories rises before the mind! Who does not know the outward form of the greatest conqueror and captain of modern times: the small, almost dwarfish, figure, the rounded symmetry of the head, the pale olive cheek and massive brow, the nose and lips carved as it were from the purest marble of the antique world, and above all the deep-set eyes of lustrous grey, now flashing with electric fires, now veiled in impenetrable contemplation? The set of his figure is familiar too, as are the clothes in which it has been the delight of painters to portray him. We know the

compact energy of his chest and shoulders, the flashing imperiosity of each gesture and movement, the white teeth and delicate hands, and the little cocked hat and long coat of grey in which he was used to ride to victory. Who has not seen him in print and picture, the gaunt young hero of the Republic charging with the flag at Arcola, the Emperor kneeling before the altar of Notre Dame in the long and sumptuous robes of his coronation, the grim leader of a haggard cavalcade treading the deadly snows of a Russian winter, the cloaked figure upon a ship's deck with huddled shoulders and sunken chin and a far-off look of tragedy in his set and melancholy gaze? And the thoughts and feelings which glow into consciousness at the sound of this illustrious name are every whit as varied and chequered as the outward events of his life seen through the imagination of the painter. Perhaps in the whole range of history no one has aroused emotions so opposite and so intense, or within his own lifetime has claimed so much of the admiration, the fear, and the hatred of mankind.

From "Napoleon"

A PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

SIR F. H. DOYLE

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore,
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,

A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Aye, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In grey soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's King,
Because his soul was great.

SEA-DOGS

AN OLD SEA-DOG

R. L. Stevenson

I REMEMBER him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

"Fifteen men on The Dead Man's Chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste, and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our sign-board.

"This is a handy cove," says he, at length; "and a pleasant sittyated grog-shop. Much company, mate?"

My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the berth for me. Here you, matey," he cried to the man who trundled

the barrow; "bring up alongside and help up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued.

"I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you mought call me? You mought call me captain. Oh, I see what you're at—there"; and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," says he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And, indeed, bad as his clothes were, and coarsely as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who sailed before the mast; but seemed like a mate or skipper, accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. . . .

I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a great deal more rum and water than his head would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea-songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for glasses round, and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum"; all the neighbours joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most over-riding companion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow anyone to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were; about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main. By his own account he must have lived his life among some of the

wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea; and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannized over and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life; and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a "true sea-dog," and a "real old salt," and such like names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terrible at sea.

From "Treasure Island"

THE TARRY BUCCANEER

JOHN MASEFIELD

I'M going to be a pirate with a bright brass pivot-gun,
And an island in the Spanish Main beyond the setting sun,
And a silver flagon full of red wine to drink when work is done,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.

With a sandy creek to careen in, and a pig-tailed Spanish mate,
And under my main-hatches a sparkling merry freight
Of doubloons and double moidores, and pieces of eight,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.

With a taste for Spanish wine-shops and for spending my doubloons,
And a crew of swart mulattoes and black-eyed octoroons,
And a thoughtful way with mutineers of making them maroons,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.

With a sash of crimson velvet and a diamond-hilted sword,
And a silver whistle about my neck secured to a golden cord,
And a habit of taking captives and walking them along a board,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.

With a spy-glass tucked beneath my arm and a cocked hat cocked askew,
And a long low rakish schooner a-cutting of the waves in two,
And a flag of skull and cross-bones the wickedest that ever flew,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.

MAROONED

R. L. Stevenson

It was in vain for me to contend in speed with such an adversary. From trunk to trunk the creature flitted like a deer, running manlike on two legs, but unlike any man that I had ever seen, stooping almost double as it ran. Yet a man it was, I could no longer be in doubt about that.

I began to recall what I had heard of cannibals. I was within an ace of calling for help. But the mere fact

that he was a man, however wild, had somewhat reassured me. . . . I stood still, therefore, and cast about for some method of escape; and as I was so thinking, the recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind. As soon as I remembered I was not defenceless, courage glowed again in my heart; and I set my face resolutely for this man of the island, and walked briskly towards him.

He was concealed by this time, behind another tree-trunk; but he must have been watching me closely, for as soon as I began to move in his direction he reappeared and took a step to meet me. Then he hesitated, drew back, came forward again, and at last, to my wonder and confusion, threw himself on his knees and held out his clasped hands in supplication.

At that I once more stopped.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Ben Gunn," he answered, and his voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock. "I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoke with a Christian these three years."

I could now see that he was a white man like myself, and that his features were even pleasing. His skin, wherever it was exposed, was burnt by the sun; even his lips were black; and his fair eyes looked quite startling in so dark a face. Of all the beggar-men that I had seen or fancied, he was the chief for raggedness. He was clothed with tatters of old ship's canvas and old sea cloth; and this extraordinary patchwork was all held together by a system of the most various and incongruous fastenings, brass buttons, bits of stick, and loops of tarry gaskin. About his waist he wore an old brass-buckled leather belt, which was the one thing solid in his whole accoutrement.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you shipwrecked?"

"Nay, mate," said he—"marooned." . . .

I had heard the word, and I knew it stood for a horrible kind of punishment common enough among the buc-

caneers, in which the offender is put ashore with a little powder and shot, and left behind on some desolate and distant island.

From "Treasure Island"

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

DANIEL DEFOE

HAD any man in England met such a man as I was, it must either have frightened him, or raised a great deal of laughter; and as I frequently stood still to look at myself, I could not but smile at the notion of my travelling through Yorkshire with such an equipage, and in such a dress.

I had a great high shapeless cap, made of goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck, nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh under the clothes.

I had a short jacket of goat's skin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of the thighs, and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same; the breeches were made of the skin of an old he-goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side, that, like pantaloons, it reached to the middle of my legs; stockings and shoes I had none, but had made me a pair of somethings, I scarce know what to call them, like buskins, to flap over my legs, and lace on either side like spatterdashes, but of a most barbarous shape, as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

I had on a broad belt of goat's skin dried, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles; and in a kind of a frog on either side of this, instead of a sword and dagger, hung a little saw and a hatchet, one on one side, and one on the other. I had

another belt not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder, and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat's skin, too, in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot. At my back I carried a basket, and on my shoulder my gun; and over my head a clumsy ugly goat-skin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun.

As for my face, the colour of it was not so mulatto-like as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nine or ten degrees of the equinox. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but as I had both scissors and razors sufficient I cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some Turks at Salle; for the Moors did not wear such though the Turks did; of these mustachios or whiskers I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough, and such as in England would have passed for frightful.

From "Robinson Crusoe"

JOHN OXENHAM

Charles Kingsley

He was a tall and sturdy personage, with a florid, black-bearded face, and bold restless dark eyes, who leaned, with crossed legs and arms akimbo, against the wall of the house; and seemed in the eyes of the schoolboy a very magnifico, some prince or duke at least. He was dressed (contrary to all sumptuary laws of the time) in a suit of crimson velvet, a little the worse, perhaps, for wear; by his side were a long Spanish rapier and a brace of daggers, gaudy enough about the hilts; his

fingers sparkled with rings ; he had two or three gold chains about his neck, and large earrings in his ears, behind one of which a red rose was stuck jauntily enough among the glossy black curls ; on his head was a broad velvet Spanish hat, in which, instead of a feather, was fastened with a great gold clasp a whole Quezal bird, whose gorgeous plumage of fretted golden green shone like one entire precious stone. As he finished his speech, he took off the said hat, and looking at the bird in it—

" Look ye, my lads, did you ever see such a fowl as that before ? That's the bird which the old Indian kings of Mexico let no one wear but their own selves ; and therefore I wear it,—I, John Oxenham of South Tawton, for a sign to all brave lads of Devon, that as the Spaniards are the masters of the Indians, we're the masters of the Spaniards " : and he replaced his hat.

From " Westward Ho ! "

SEUMAS BEG

James Stephens

A man was sitting underneath a tree
Outside a village, and he asked me what
Name was upon this place, and said that he
Was never here before. He told a lot
Of stories to me too. His nose was flat.
I asked him how it happened, and he said
The first mate of the *Mary Anne* done that
With a marling spike one day, but he was dead,
And jolly good job too ; and he'd have gone
A long way to have killed him, and he had
A gold ring in one ear ; the other one
" Was bit off by a crocodile, bedad."
That's what he said. He taught me how to chew,
He was a real nice man. He liked me too.

NELSON

ROBERT SOUTHEY

EARLY on the following morning he reached Portsmouth; and, having dispatched his business on shore, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward, to obtain sight of his face: many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes; but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but, that with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet, to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer, who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat; for the people would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero —the darling hero—of England!

From "The Life of Nelson"

AN ODD COLLECTION

RIP VAN WINKLE

WASHINGTON IRVING

IN that same village and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in

their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some

out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog, Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all

points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assembly, and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labour of the farm and clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor

Wolf," he would say, " thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it ; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee ! " Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

From " The Sketch Book "

TWO AWKWARD FOLK

I. MISS SLOWBOY

CHARLES DICKENS

" DON'T let the dear child fall under the grate, Tilly, whatever you do ! "

It may be noted of Miss Slowboy, in spite of her rejecting the caution with some vivacity, that she had a rare and surprising talent for getting this baby into difficulties ; and had several times imperilled its short life, in a quiet way peculiarly her own. She was of a spare and straight shape, this young lady, insomuch that her garments appeared to be in constant danger of sliding off those sharp pegs, her shoulders, on which they were loosely hung. Her costume was remarkable for the partial development, on all possible occasions, of some flannel vestment of a singular structure ; also for affording glimpses, in the region of the back, of a corset, or pair of stays, in colour a dead-green. Being always in a state of gaping admiration at everything, and absorbed, besides, in the perpetual contemplation of her mistress's perfections and the baby's, Miss Slowboy, in her little errors of judgment, may be said to have done equal honour to her head and to her heart ; and though these did less honour to the baby's head, which they were the occasional means of bringing into contact with deal doors, dressers, stair-rails, bed-posts, and other foreign substances, still they were the honest results of

Tilly Slowboy's constant astonishment at finding herself so kindly treated, and installed in such a comfortable home. For the maternal and paternal Slowboy were alike unknown to Fame, and Tilly had been bred by public charity, a foundling; which word, though only differing from fondling by one vowel's length, is very different in meaning, and expresses quite another thing.

From "The Cricket on the Hearth"

II. SLOPPY

CHARLES DICKENS

OF an ungainly make was Sloppy. Too much of him longwise, too little of him broadwise, and too many sharp angles of him angle-wise. One of those shambling male human creatures born to be indiscreetly candid in the revelation of buttons; every button he had about him glaring at the public to a quite preternatural extent. A considerable capital of knee and elbow and wrist and ankle, had Sloppy, and he didn't know how to dispose of it to the best advantage, but was always investing it in wrong securities, and so getting himself into embarrassed circumstances. Full Private Number One in the Awkward Squad of the rank and file of life, was Sloppy, and yet had his glimmering notions of standing true to the Colours.

From "Our Mutual Friend"

RIVAL LOVERS

I. ICHABOD CRANE GOES A-COURTING

WASHINGTON IRVING

THE gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in

the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favourite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

From "A Legend of Sleepy Hollow"

II. BROM VAN BRUNT

Washington Irving

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights, and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic, but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his over-bearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humour at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with hoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks, and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment, till the hurry scurry had clattered by,

and then exclaim, " Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang ! " The neighbours looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will ; and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

From " The Legend of Sleepy Hollow "

MISS MURDSTONE

Charles Dickens

It was Miss Murdstone who had arrived, and a gloomy-looking lady she was ; dark, like her brother, whom she greatly resembled in face and voice ; and with very heavy eyebrows, nearly meeting over her large nose, as if, being disabled by the wrongs of her sex from wearing whiskers, she had carried them to that account. She brought with her two uncompromising hard black boxes, with her initials on the lids in hard brass nails. When she paid the coachman, she took her money out of a hard steel purse, and she kept the purse in a very jail of a bag which hung upon her arm by a heavy chain, and shut up like a bite. I had never, at that time, seen such a metallic lady altogether as Miss Murdstone was. . . .

As well as I could make out, she had come for good, and had no intention of ever going again. She began to ' help ' my mother next morning, and was in and out of the store-closet all day, putting things to rights, and making havoc in the old arrangements. Almost the first remarkable thing I observed in Miss Murdstone was, her being constantly haunted by a suspicion that the servants had a man secreted somewhere on the premises. Under the influence of this delusion, she dived into the coal-cellar at the most untimely hours, and scarcely ever opened the door of a dark cupboard without clapping it to again, in the belief that she had got him.

Though there was nothing very airy about Miss Murdstone, she was a perfect lark in point of getting up. She was up (and, as I believe to this hour, looking for that man) before anybody in the house was stirring. Peggotty gave it as her opinion that she even slept with one eye open; but I could not concur in this idea; for I tried it myself after hearing the suggestion thrown out, and found it couldn't be done.

On the very first morning after her arrival she was up and ringing her bell at cock-crow. When my mother came down to breakfast and was going to make the tea, Miss Murdstone gave her a kind of peck on the cheek, which was her nearest approach to a kiss, and said—

"Now, Clara, my dear, I am come here, you know, to relieve you of all the trouble I can. You're much too pretty and thoughtless"—my mother blushed but laughed, and seemed not to dislike this character—"to have any duties imposed upon you, that can be undertaken by me. If you'll be so good as give me your keys, my dear, I'll attend to all this sort of thing in future."

From that time, Miss Murdstone kept the keys in her own little jail all day, and under her pillow all night, and my mother had no more to do with them than I had.

From "David Copperfield"

MR ALFRED JINGLE

CHARLES DICKENS

He was about the middle height, but the thinness of his body, and the length of his legs, gave him the appearance of being much taller. The green coat had been a smart dress garment in the days of swallow-tails, but had evidently in those times adorned a much shorter man than the stranger, for the soiled and faded sleeves scarcely reached to his wrists. It was buttoned closely up to his chin, at the imminent hazard of splitting the

back; and an old stock, without a vestige of shirt collar, ornamented his neck. His scanty black trousers displayed here and there those shiny patches which bespeak long service, and were strapped very tightly over a pair of patched and mended shoes, as if to conceal the dirty white stockings, which were nevertheless distinctly visible. His long black hair escaped in negligent waves from beneath each side of his old pinched up hat; and glimpses of his bare wrists might be observed between the tops of his gloves, and the cuffs of his coat sleeves. His face was thin and haggard; but an indescribable air of jaunty impudence and perfect self-possession pervaded the whole man.

From "Pickwick Papers"

TOPSY

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

ONE morning, while Miss Ophelia was busy in some of her domestic cares, St Clare's voice was heard, calling her at the foot of the stairs.

"Come down, here, Cousin; I've something to show you."

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming down, with her sewing in her hand.

"I've made a purchase for your department—see here," said St Clare; and, with the word, he pulled along a little negro girl, about eight or nine years of age.

She was one of the blackest of her race; and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth, half open with astonishment at the wonders of the new Mas'r's parlour, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her woolly hair was braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction. The expression of her face was an odd mixture of

shrewdness and cunning, over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most doleful gravity and solemnity. She was dressed in a single filthy, ragged garment, made of bagging; and stood with her hands demurely folded before her. Altogether, there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance—something, as Miss Ophelia afterwards said, "so heathenish," as to inspire that good lady with utter dismay; and, turning to St Clare, she said:

"Augustine, what in the world have you brought that thing here for?"

"For you to educate, to be sure, and train in the way she should go. I thought she was rather a funny specimen in the Jim Crow line. Here, Topsy," he added, giving a whistle, as a man would to call the attention of a dog, "give us a song, now, and show us some of your dancing."

The black, glassy eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and the thing struck up, in a clear shrill voice, an old negro melody, to which she kept time with her hands and feet, spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together, in a wild, fantastic sort of time, and producing in her throat all those odd guttural sounds which distinguish the native music of her race; and finally, turning a summerset or two, and giving a prolonged closing note, as odd and unearthly as that of a steam-whistle, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and a most sanctimonious expression of meekness and solemnity over her face, only broken by the cunning glances which she shot askance from the corners of her eyes.

Miss Ophelia stood silent, perfectly paralysed with amazement.

From "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC

WILLIAM COWPER

SOME men employ their health, an ugly trick,
In making known how oft they have been sick,
And give us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped;
Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot,
Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill;
And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps!
They put on a damp nightcap and relapse;
They thought they must have died, they were so bad;
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.
Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,—
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,—
That's worse, the drone-pipe of an humble bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night;
He shakes with cold;—you stir the fire and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish:
He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can—

Alas! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is—to be displeased.

FIVE MINIATURES

A STRANGE VISITOR

JOHN RUSKIN

THERE came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consquences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-coloured; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long, silky eyelashes, his moustaches curled twice round like a cork-screw on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt colour, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height, and wore a conical-pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow-tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much

too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralysed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look at his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with his mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down behind his back like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his moustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir,—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire, and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savoury smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just

let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

From "The King of the Golden River"

THE EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT

JONATHAN SWIFT

HE is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his Court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in my description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European: but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat

spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable.

From "Gulliver's Travels"

MISS MOWCHER

CHARLES DICKENS

I LOOKED at the doorway and saw nothing. I was still looking at the doorway, thinking that Miss Mowcher was a long while making her appearance, when, to my infinite astonishment, there came waddling round a sofa which stood between me and it, a pursy dwarf, of about forty or forty-five, with a very large head and face, a pair of roguish grey eyes, and such extremely little arms, that, to enable herself to lay a finger archly against her snub nose, as she ogled Steerforth, she was obliged to meet the finger half-way, and lay her nose against it. Her chin, which was what is called a double-chin, was so fat that it entirely swallowed up the strings of her bonnet, bow and all. Throat she had none; waist she had none; legs she had none, worth mentioning; for though she was more than full-sized down to where her waist would have been, if she had had any, and though she terminated, as human beings generally do, in a pair of feet, she was so short that she stood at a common-sized chair as at a table, resting a bag she carried on the seat. This lady; dressed in an off-hand, easy style; bringing her nose and her fore-finger together, with the difficulty I have described; standing with her head necessarily on one side, and, with one of her sharp eyes shut up, making an uncommonly knowing face; after ogling Steerforth for a few moments, broke into a torrent of words.

From "David Copperfield"

QUILP

CHARLES DICKENS

THE child was closely followed by an elderly man of remarkably hard features and forbidding aspect, and so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant. His black eyes were restless, sly, and cunning; his mouth and chin bristly with the stubble of a coarse, hard beard; and his complexion was one of that kind which never looks clean or wholesome. But what added most to the grotesque expression of his face was a ghastly smile, which, appearing to be the mere result of habit, and to have no connection with any mirthful or complacent feeling, constantly revealed the few discoloured fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth, and gave him the aspect of a panting dog. His dress consisted of a large high-crowned hat, a worn dark suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief, sufficiently limp and crumpled to disclose the greater portion of his wiry throat. Such hair as he had was of a grizzled black, cut short and straight upon his temples, and hanging in a frowsy fringe about his ears. His hands, which were of a rough, coarse grain, were very dirty; his finger nails were crooked, long, and yellow.

From "The Old Curiosity Shop"

PIGWIGGEN ARMING

MICHAEL DRAYTON

AND quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield:
Yet could it not be pierc̀ed:

His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long;
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness nought reversèd.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing:
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing:
For if he chanced to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet did it well become him:
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossèd with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

From "Nymphidia"

GOOD SPORTSMEN

THREE CRICKETERS

I. ALFRED MYNN

E. V. Lucas

ALFRED MYNN came of a race of Kentish giants, and was a giant himself. He weighed in his active prime nineteen stone, and towards the end twenty-four, and was over six feet in his stockings. The portraits of him are like those of a prize man at the Agricultural Hall. In one of them he stands flannelled and bare-headed on a village green, with a church—perhaps his own Goodhurst—behind him, a belt round his equator, a ridiculous little toothpick of a bat on his colossal shoulder, and a quiet smile (as of one who expected half-volleys later in the day, and would know what to do with them when they arrived) on his vast and kindly yeoman's face.

Nominally he was a hop-merchant; but the great game was too much for him, and he allowed his hops to fend for themselves while he lifted their county to the highest place in cricket. (What are hops after all?) Like Atlas he carried Kent on his shoulders. . . .

He bowled faster than any man in England, except, perhaps, Brown, of Brighton (who once bowled a ball right through a coat which long-stop was holding, and killed a dog on the other side), and he never tired. He "walked a few paces up to the wicket and delivered the ball like a flash of lightning, seemingly without effort." When he went in to bat he hit hard and he hit often, as great simple souls do. He preferred fast bowling to

slow, which is another sign of a lack of guile. In 1836 he made 283 runs in four consecutive innings, being twice not out. To-day we think little of this; but in 1836 it was almost miraculous, and I, for one, wish it was still.

Alfred Mynn's most famous single wicket match was with J. Dearman, of Sheffield, on Pilch's ground, at Town Malling, for £100 a side. It was played on August 20, 1838. Frederick Gale was present, and he has left a description in his *Echoes from Old Cricket Fields*. "A great portion of Mr Mynn's runs," he says, "were got by cover-point hits, though he lifted two balls apparently into some adjoining county. He scored in two innings 123 runs; and, if I mistake not, all Dearman's runs, eleven in number, were cover-point hits. There were only three wides in the four innings. Dearman was a little man, and Alfred Mynn looked a giant beside him. I can see him now in close-fitting jersey bound with red ribbon, a red belt round his waist, and a straw hat, with broad red ribbon. Dearman, who had never been beaten, and was heavily backed by the Yorkshiremen, had not the smallest chance with his opponent, and I verily believe that Alfred Mynn, out of sheer kindness of heart, gave him a few off balls in the second innings, as Dearman was 120 to the bad. The little man made some beautiful off-hits before the boundary stump, and was much cheered; but when it got near six o'clock, shouts of 'Time's short, Alfred; finish him off,' were heard from the throats of the lusty Kentish yeomen, and I have a vision in my mind of a middle stump flying up in the air, and spinning like a wheel, and perhaps if any one will go and look for it on the Town Malling ground, it will be found spinning still."

Alfred Mynn had countless friends and no enemies. How could he have enemies? He ate gigantic suppers, and once kept Richard Daft awake all night with his

snores. When he died his noble body was escorted to the grave, at Thurnham, in Kent, by the Leeds and Hillingbourne Volunteer Corps, of which he was a member.

Let me add a sentence from Denison's *Sketches of the Players* to complete the eulogy: "Gratitude for a kindness displayed towards him is a leading feature in his character."

II. TOM SUETER

John Nyren

What a handful of steel-hearted soldiers are in an important pass, such was Tom in keeping the wicket. Nothing went by him; and for coolness and nerve in this trying and responsible post, I never saw his equal. As a proof of his quickness and skill, I have numberless times seen him stump a man out with Brett's tremendous bowling. Add to this valuable accomplishment, he was one of the manliest and most graceful of hitters. Few would cut a ball harder at the point of the bat, and he was, moreover, an excellent short runner. He had an eye like an eagle—rapid and comprehensive. He was the first who departed from the custom of the old players before him, who deemed it a heresy to leave the crease for the ball; he would get in at it, and hit it straight off and straight on; and, egad! it went as if it had been fired. As by the rules of our club, at the trial-matches no man was allowed to get more than thirty runs, he generally gained his number earlier than any of them. I have seldom seen a handsomer man than Tom Sueter, who measured about five feet ten. As if, too, Dame Nature wished to show at his birth a specimen of her prodigality, she gave him so amiable a disposition, that he was the pet of all the neighbourhood: so honourable a heart, that his word was never questioned by the gentlemen who associated with him; and a voice, which

for sweetness, power, and purity of tone (a tenor) would, with proper cultivation, have made him a handsome fortune. With what rapture have I hung upon his notes when he has given us a hunting song in the club-room after the day's practice was over !

III. A CRICKET BOWLER

E. C. Lefroy

Two minutes' rest till the next man goes in !
The tired arms lie, with every sinew slack,
On the mown grass. Unbent the supple back,
And elbows apt to make the leather spin
Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin—
In knavish hands a most unkindly knack ;
But no guile shelters under this boy's black
Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English skin.

Two minutes only ! Conscious of a name,
The new man plants his weapon with profound
Long-practised skill that no mere trick can scare.
Not loth, the rested lad resumes the game ;
The flung ball takes one madding tortuous bound,
And the mid-stump turns somersaults in air.

THE PERFECT FIVES-PLAYER

William Hazlitt

It is not likely that any one will now see the game of fives played in its perfection for many years to come—for Cavanagh is dead, and has not left his peer behind him. It may be said that there are things of more importance than striking a ball against a wall—there are things, indeed, which make more noise and do as little

good, such as making war and peace, making speeches and answering them, making verses and blotting them, making money and throwing it away. But the game of fives is what no one despises, who has ever played at it. It is the finest exercise for the body, and the best relaxation for the mind. The Roman poet said that "Care mounted behind the horseman and stuck to his skirts." But this remark would not have applied to the fives-player. He who takes to playing at fives is twice young. He feels neither the past nor future "in the instant." He has no other wish, no other thought, from the moment the game begins, but that of striking the ball, of placing it, of *making* it. This Cavanagh was sure to do. Whenever he touched the ball there was an end of the chase.

His eye was certain, his hand fatal, his presence of mind complete. He could do what he pleased, and he always knew exactly what to do. He saw the whole game, and played it; took instant advantage of his adversary's weakness, and recovered balls, as if by a miracle and from sudden thought, that every one gave for lost. He had equal power and skill, quickness and judgment. Sometimes, when he seemed preparing to send the ball with the full swing of his arm, he would by a slight turn of his wrist drop it within an inch of the line. In general, the ball came from his hand, as if from a racket, in a straight horizontal line; so that it was in vain to attempt to overtake or stop it. As it was said of a great orator that he never was at a loss for the properest word, so Cavanagh always could tell the degree of force necessary to be given to a ball, and the precise direction in which it should be sent. He did his work with the greatest ease; never took more pains than was necessary; and while others were fagging themselves to death, was as cool and collected as if he had just entered the court. He had no affectation, no trifling. He was the best *uphill* player in the world; even when his adversary

was fourteen, he would play on the same or better, and as he never flung away the game through carelessness and conceit, he never gave it up through laziness or want of heart.

From "Table Talk"

JACK JACKSON, PUGILIST

H. D. Miles

I CAN see him now, as I saw him in '84, walking down Holborn Hill, towards Smithfield. He had on a scarlet coat, worked in gold at the button-holes, ruffles, and frill of fine lace, a small white stock, no collar (they were not then invented), a looped hat with a broad black band, buff knee-breeches, and long silk strings, striped white silk stockings, pumps, and paste buckles; his waistcoat was pale blue satin, sprigged with white. It was impossible to look on his fine ample chest, his noble shoulders, his waist (if anything too small), his large, but not too large hips (the fulcrum of the human form, whether male or female), his limbs, his balustrade calf and beautifully turned but not over delicate ankle, his firm foot, and peculiarly small hand, without thinking that nature had sent him on earth as a model. On he went at a good five miles and a half an hour, the envy of all men, and the admiration of all women.

As regards his face nature had not been bountiful; his forehead was rather low, and the mode he wore his hair made it peculiarly so. His cheek bones were high, and his nose and mouth coarse. His ears projected too much from his head, but his eyes were eyes to look at rather than look with; they were full and piercing, and formed a great portion of his power as a pugilist—with them he riveted his men.

Anatomists of the first standing examined Jackson, and artists and sculptors without number took sketches

and models of his arm; but it was the extraordinary proportion of the man throughout that formed the wonder.

A WRESTLING CHAMPION

THOMAS LODGE

WHEN the tournament ceased the wrestling began, and the Norman presented himself as a challenger against all comers: but he looked like Hercules when he advanced himself against Achelous; so that the fury of his countenance amazed all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of activity: till at last a lusty Francklin of the country came with two tall men that were his sons, of good lineaments and comely personage: the eldest of these, doing his obeyance to the King, entered the lists and presented himself to the Norman, who straight coped with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glory of his strength, roused himself with such fury, that not only he gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage: which the younger brother seeing, leapt presently into the place, and thirsty after the revenge, assailed the Norman with such valour, that at the first encounter he brought him to his knees: which repulsed so the Norman that, recovering himself, fear of disgrace doubling his strength, he stepped so sternly to the young Francklin, that taking him up in his arms he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broke his neck and so ended his days with his brother. At this unlooked-for massacre the people murmured and were all in a deep passion of pity; but the Francklin, father unto these, never changed his countenance; but as a man of a courageous resolution, took up the bodies of his sons without any show of outward discontent.

From "Rosalynde"

A ROYAL SPORTSMAN—KING HENRY V

RAPHAEL HOLINSHED

THIS Henrie was a king, of life without spot, a prince whome all men loved, and of none disdained, a capteine against whom Fortune never frowned, nor mischance once spurned, whose people him so severe a justicer both loved and obeied (and so humane withall) that he left no offense unpunished, nor freendship unrewarded; a terrour to rebels, and suppressour of sedition, his vertues notable, his qualities most praiseworthie.

In strength and nimbleness of bodie from his youth few to him comparable, for in wrestling, leaping, and running, no man well able to compare. In casting of great iron barres and heavie stones he excelled commonlie all men, never shrinking at cold, nor slothful for heat; and when he most laboured, his head commonlie uncovered; no more wearie of harnesse than a light cloake, verie valiantly abiding at needs both hunger and thirst; so manfull of mind as never seene to quinch at a wound, or to smart at the paine; nor to turne his nose from evill savour, nor close his eyes from smoke or dust; no man more moderate in eating and drinking, with diet not delicate, but rather more meet for men of warre, than for princes of tender stomachs. . . . He slept verie little, but that verie soundlie, in so much that when his soldiers soong at nights, or minstrels plaied, he then slept fastest; of courage invincible, of purpose unmutable, so wisehardie alwaies, as feare was banisht from him; at every alarum he first in armor and foremost in ordering. In time of warre such was his providence, bountie and hap, as he had true intelligence, not onelie what his enimies did, but what they said and intended: of his devises and purposes, few, before the thing was at the point to be done, should be made privie.

ROBIN HOOD'S ARCHERS

MICHAEL DRAYTON

AN hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill:
Their baldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man:
All made of Spanish yew their bows were wondrous strong;
They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft,
At marks full forty score they used to prick, and rove,
Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-butts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin:
Their arrows finely paired, for timber, and for feather,
With birch and brazil pieced, to fly in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forkèd pile,
The loose gave such a twang as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave there was not any one
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.

From "Polyolbion"

BOYS WILL BE BOYS!

JOE

M. R. Mitford

JOE is a less boy than many of his companions (some of whom are fifteeners and sixteeners) and a poorer than all, as may be conjectured from the lamentable state of that patched round frock, and the ragged condition of those unpatched shoes, which would encumber, if anything would, the light feet that wear them. But why should I lament the poverty that never troubles him? Joe is the merriest and happiest creature that ever lived twelve years in this wicked world. Care cannot come near him. He hath a perpetual smile on his round ruddy face, and a laugh in his hazel eye that drives the witch away. He works at yonder farm at the top of the hill, where he is in such repute for intelligence and good humour, that he has the honour of performing all the errands of the house, of helping the maid, the mistress, and the master, in addition to his own stated office of carter's boy. There he works hard from five to seven, and then he comes here to work still harder under the name of play —batting, bowling, and fielding, as if for life, filling the place of four boys; being, at a pinch, a whole eleven.

From "Our Village"

A LAZY, IDLE BOY

W. M. Thackeray

There was a sweet pretty river walk we used to take in the evening and mark the mountains round glooming

with a deeper purple; the shades creeping up the golden walls; the river brawling, the cattle calling, the maids and chatterboxes round the fountains babbling and bawling; and several times in the course of our sober walks we overtook a lazy slouching boy, or hobbledehoy, with a rusty coat, and trousers not too long, and big feet trailing lazily one after the other, and large lazy hands dawdling from out the tight sleeves, and in the lazy hands a little book, which my lad held up to his face, and which I daresay so charmed and ravished him, that he was blind to the beautiful sights around him; unmindful, I would venture to lay any wager, of the lessons he had to learn for to-morrow; forgetful of mother waiting supper, and father preparing a scolding; —absorbed utterly and entirely in his book.

What was it that so fascinated the young student, as he stood by the river shore? Not the *Pons Asinorum*. What book so delighted him, and blinded him to all the rest of the world, so that he did not care to see the apple-woman with her fruit, or (more tempting still to sons of Eve) the pretty girls with their apple-cheeks, who laughed and prattled round the fountain! What was the book? Do you suppose it was Livy, or the Greek grammar? No; it was a NOVEL that you were reading, you lazy, not very clean, good-for-nothing, sensible boy! It was D'Artagnan locking up General Monk in a box, or almost succeeding in keeping Charles the First's head on. It was the prisoner of the Château d'If cutting himself out of the sack fifty feet under water (I mention the novels I like best myself—novels without love or talking, or any of that sort of nonsense, but containing plenty of fighting, escaping, robbery, and rescuing)—cutting himself out of the sack, and swimming to the island of Monte Cristo. O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre! I hereby offer thee homage, and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours. I have read thee (being sick in bed) for thirteen hours of a happy day,

and had the ladies of the house fighting for the volumes. Be assured that lazy boy was reading Dumas (or I will go so far as to let the reader here pronounce the eulogium, or insert the name of his favourite author); and as for the anger, or it may be, the reverberations of his schoolmaster, or the remonstrances of his father, or the tender pleadings of his mother that he should not let the supper grow cold—I don't believe the scapegrace cared one fig. No! figs are sweet, but fictions are sweeter.

From "Roundabout Papers"

YOUNG BAILEY

CHARLES DICKENS

TODGERS'S was in a great bustle that evening, partly owing to some additional domestic preparations for the morrow, and partly to the excitement always inseparable in that house from Saturday night, when every gentleman's linen arrived at a different hour in its own little bundle, with his private account pinned on the outside. There was always a great clinking of pattens down-stairs, too, until midnight or so, on Saturdays; together with a frequent gleaming of mysterious lights in the area; much working at the pump; and a constant jangling of the iron handle of the pail. Shrill altercations from time to time arose between Mrs Todgers and unknown females in remote back kitchens; and sounds were occasionally heard, indicative of small articles of ironmongery and hardware being thrown at the boy. It was the custom of that youth on Saturdays, to roll up his shirt sleeves to his shoulders, and pervade all parts of the house in an apron of coarse green baize; moreover, he was more strongly tempted on Saturdays than on other days (it being a busy time), to make excursive bolts into the neighbouring alleys when he answered the door, and there to play at leap-frog and other sports

with vagrant lads, until pursued and brought back by the hair of his head or the lobe of his ear; thus he was quite a conspicuous feature among the peculiar incidents of the last day in the week at Todgers's.

He was especially so on this particular Saturday evening, and honoured the Miss Pecksniffs with a deal of notice; seldom passing the door of Mrs Todgers's private room, where they sat alone before the fire, working by the light of a solitary candle, without putting in his head and greeting them with some such compliments as, "There you are agin!" "An't it nice?" and similar humorous attentions.

"I say," he whispered, stopping in one of his journeys to and fro, "young ladies, there's soup to-morrow. She's a-making it now. An't she a-putting in the water? Oh! not at all neither!"

In the course of answering another knock, he thrust in his head again.

"I say! There's fowls to-morrow. Not skinny ones. Oh no!"

Presently he called through the key-hole:

"There's a fish to-morrow. Just come. Don't eat none of him!" And, with this special warning, vanished again.

By-and-bye, he returned to lay the cloth for supper: it having been arranged between Mrs Todgers and the young ladies, that they should partake of an exclusive veal-cutlet together in the privacy of that apartment. He entertained them on this occasion by thrusting the lighted candle into his mouth, and exhibiting his face in a state of transparency; after the performance of which feat, he went on with his professional duties; brightening every knife as he laid it on the table, by breathing on the blade and afterwards polishing the same on the apron already mentioned. When he had completed his preparations, he grinned at the sisters, and expressed his belief that the approaching collation would be of "rather a spicy sort."

"Will it be long before it's ready, Bailey?" asked Mercy.

"No," said Bailey, "it *is* cooked. When I come up, she was dodging among the tender pieces with a fork, and eating of 'em."

But he had scarcely achieved the utterance of these words, when he received a manual compliment on the head, which sent him staggering against the wall; and Mrs Todgers, dish in hand, stood indignantly before him.

"Oh you little villain!" said that lady. "Oh you bad, false boy!"

"No worse than yerself," retorted Bailey, guarding his head, on a principle invented by Mr Thomas Cribb. "Ah! Come now! Do that again, will yer?"

"He's the most dreadful child," said Mrs Todgers, setting down the dish, "I ever had to deal with. The gentlemen spoil him to that extent, and teach him such things, that I'm afraid nothing but hanging will ever do him any good."

"Won't it!" cried Bailey. "Oh! Yes! Wot do you go a-lowerin the table-beer for then, and destroying my constitooshun?"

"Go downstairs, you vicious boy," said Mrs Todgers, holding the door open. "Do you hear me? Go along!"

After two or three dexterous feints, he went, and was seen no more that night, save once, when he brought up some tumblers and hot water, and much disturbed the two Miss Pecksniffs by squinting hideously behind the back of the unconscious Mrs Todgers. Having done this justice to his wounded feelings, he retired underground: where, in company with a swarm of black beetles and a kitchen candle, he employed his faculties in cleaning boots and brushing clothes until the night was far advanced.

Benjamin was supposed to be the real name of this young retainer, but he was known by a great variety of

names. Benjamin, for instance, had been converted into Uncle Ben, and that again had been corrupted into Uncle; which, by an easy transition, had again passed into Barnwell, in memory of the celebrated relative in that degree who was shot by his nephew George, while meditating in his garden at Camberwell. The gentlemen at Todgers's had a merry habit, too, of bestowing upon him, for the time being, the name of any notorious malefactor or minister; and sometimes when current events were flat, they even sought the pages of history for these distinctions; as Mr Pitt, Young Brownrigg, and the like. At the period of which we write, he was generally known among the gentlemen as Bailey junior; a name bestowed upon him in contradistinction, perhaps, to Old Bailey; and possibly as involving the recollection of an unfortunate lady of the same name, who perished by her own hand early in life, and has been immortalised in a ballad.

The usual Sunday dinner-hour at Todgers's was two o'clock; a suitable time, it was considered, for all parties; convenient to Mrs Todgers, on account of the baker's; and convenient to the gentlemen, with reference to their afternoon engagements. But on the Sunday which was to introduce the two Miss Pecksniffs to a full knowledge of Todgers's and its society, the dinner was postponed until five, in order that everything might be as genteel as the occasion demanded.

When the hour drew nigh, Bailey junior, testifying great excitement, appeared in a complete suit of cast-off clothes several sizes too large for him, and in particular, mounted a clean shirt of such extraordinary magnitude, that one of the gentlemen (remarkable for his ready wit) called him "collars" on the spot. At about a quarter before five, a deputation, consisting of Mr Jinkins, and another gentleman, whose name was Gander, knocked at the door of Mrs Todgers's room, and, being formally introduced to the two Miss Pecksniffs by their parent

who was in waiting, besought the honour of conducting them upstairs.

The drawing-room at Todgers's was out of the common style; so much so indeed, that you would hardly have taken it to be a drawing-room, unless you were told so by somebody who was in the secret. It was floor-clothed all over; and the ceiling, including a great beam in the middle, was papered. Besides the three little windows, with seats in them, commanding the opposite archway, there was another window looking point blank, without any compromise at all about it, into Jinkins's bedroom; and high up, all along one side of the wall, was a strip of panes of glass, two-deep, giving light to the staircase. There were the oddest closets possible, with little casements in them like eight-day clocks, lurking in the wainscot and taking the shape of the stairs: and the very door itself (which was painted black) had two great glass eyes in its forehead, with an inquisitive green pupil in the middle of each.

Here the gentlemen were all assembled. There was a general cry of "Hear, hear!" and "Bravo Jink!" when Mr Jinkins appeared with Charity on his arm: which became quite rapturous as Mr Gander followed, escorting Mercy, and Mr Pecksniff brought up the rear with Mrs Todgers.

Then the presentations took place.

There was considerable delay in the production of dinner, and poor Mrs Todgers, being approached in confidence by Jinkins, slipped in and out, at least twenty times to see about it; always coming back as though she had no such thing upon her mind, and hadn't been out at all. But there was no hitch in the conversation, nevertheless; for one gentleman, who travelled in the perfumery line, exhibited an interesting nick-nack, in the way of a remarkable cake of shaving soap which he had lately met with in Germany; and the gentleman of a literary turn repeated (by desire) some sarcastic stanzas

he had recently produced on the freezing of the tank at the back of the house. These amusements, with the miscellaneous conversation arising out of them, passed the time splendidly, until dinner was announced by Bailey junior in these terms:

"The wittles is up!"

On which notice they immediately descended to the banquet-hall; some of the more facetious spirits in the rear taking down gentlemen as if they were ladies, in imitation of the fortunate possessors of the two Miss Pecksniffs.

Mr Pecksniff said grace: a short and pious grace, invoking a blessing on the appetites of those present, and committing all persons who had nothing to eat, to the care of Providence; whose business (so said the grace, in effect) it clearly was, to look after them. This done, they fell to with less ceremony than appetite; the table groaning beneath the weight, not only of the delicacies whereof the Miss Pecksniffs had been previously forewarned, but of boiled beef, roast veal, bacon, pies, and abundance of such heavy vegetables as are favourably known to housekeepers for their satisfying qualities. Besides which, there were bottles of stout, bottles of wine, bottles of ale, and divers other strong drinks, native and foreign.

All this was highly agreeable to the two Miss Pecksniffs, who were in immense request; sitting one on either hand of Mr Jinkins at the bottom of the table; and who were called upon to take wine with some new admirer every minute. They had hardly ever felt so pleasant, and so full of conversation, in their lives; Mercy, in particular, was uncommonly brilliant, and said so many good things in the way of lively repartee that she was looked upon as a prodigy. "In short," as that young lady observed, "they felt now, indeed, that they were in London, and for the first time too."

Their young friend Bailey sympathised in these

feelings to the fullest extent, and, abating nothing of his patronage, gave them every encouragement in his power: favouring them, when the general attention was diverted from his proceedings, with many nods and winks and other tokens of recognition, and occasionally touching his nose with a corkscrew, as if to express the Bacchanalian character of the meeting. In truth, perhaps even the spirits of the two Miss Pecksniffs, and the hungry watchfulness of Mrs Todgers, were less worthy of note than the proceedings of this remarkable boy, whom nothing disconcerted or put out of his way. If any piece of crockery, a dish or otherwise, chanced to slip through his hands (which happened once or twice), he let it go with perfect good breeding, and never added to the painful emotions of the company by exhibiting the least regret. Nor did he, by hurrying to and fro, disturb the repose of the assembly, as many well-trained servants do; on the contrary, feeling the hopelessness of waiting upon so large a party, he left the gentlemen to help themselves to what they wanted, and seldom stirred from behind Mr Jinkins's chair: where, with his hands in his pockets, and his legs planted pretty wide apart, he led the laughter, and enjoyed the conversation.

From "Martin Chuzzlewit"

TWO OBJECTIONABLE BOYS

I. A YOUNG BULLY

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

JOHN REED was a schoolboy of fourteen years old; four years older than I, for I was but ten; large and stout for his age, with a dingy and unwholesome skin; thick lineaments in a spacious visage, heavy limbs and large extremities. He gorged himself habitually at table, which made him bilious, and gave him a dim and bleared eye

and flabby cheeks. He ought now to have been at school; but his mama had taken him home for a month or two "on account of his delicate health." Mr Miles, the master, affirmed that he would do very well if he had fewer cakes and sweetmeats sent him from home; but the mother's heart turned from an opinion so harsh, and inclined rather to the more refined idea that John's sallowness was owing to over-application and, perhaps, to pining after home.

John had not much affection for his mother and sisters, and an antipathy to me. He bullied and punished me; not two or three times in the week, not once or twice in the day, but continually: every nerve I had feared him, and every morsel of flesh on my bones shrank when he came near. There were moments when I was bewildered by the terror he inspired, because I had no appeal whatever against either his menaces or his inflictions; the servants did not like to offend their young master by taking my part against him, and Mrs Reed was blind and deaf on the subject: she never saw him strike or heard him abuse me, though he did both now and then in her very presence; more frequently, however, behind her back.

From "Jane Eyre"

II. THE ARTFUL DODGER

CHARLES DICKENS

"HOLLO, my covey! what's the row?"

The boy who addressed this inquiry to the young wayfarer, was about his own age; but one of the queerest-looking boys that Oliver had ever seen. He was a snub-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy enough; and as dirty a juvenile as one would wish to see; but he had about him all the airs and manners of a man. He was short for his age; with rather bow-legs, and little, sharp,

ugly eyes. His hat was stuck on the top of his head so lightly, that it threatened to fall off every moment—and would have done so, very often, if the wearer had not had a knack of every now and then giving his head a sudden twitch, which brought it back to its old place again. He wore a man's coat, which reached nearly to his heels. He had turned the cuffs back, half-way up his arm, to get his hands out of the sleeves, apparently with the ultimate view of thrusting them into the pockets of his corduroy trousers; for there he kept them. He was, altogether, as roystering and swaggering a young gentleman as ever stood four feet six, or something less, in his bluchers.

From "Oliver Twist"

A CHILD'S PORTRAIT

TO J. H.

Four Years Old.—A Nursery Song

LEIGH HUNT

ONE cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there you're in it,
A-getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John;
Or poking at the roses
In midst of which your nose is;
Or climbing on a table,
No matter how unstable,
And turning up your quaint eye
And half-shut teeth with "Mayn't I?"
Or else you're off at play, John,
Just as you'd be all day, John,
With hat or not, as happens,
And there you dance, and clap hands,
Or on the grass go rolling,
Or plucking flowers, or bowling,

And getting me expenses
With losing balls o'er fences ;
And see what flow'rs the weather
Has render'd fit to gather ;
And, when we home must jog, you
Shall ride my back, you rogue you.
Your hat adorn'd with fir-leaves,
Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves ;
And so, with green o'erhead, John,
Shall whistle home to bed, John.
—But see, the sun shines brightly ;
Come, put your hat on rightly,
And we'll among the bushes,
And hear your friends the thrushes.

COUNTRY FOLK

TOM CORDERY, THE POACHER

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

THIS human oak grew on the wild North-of-Hampshire county; a county of heath and hill and forest; partly reclaimed, inclosed, and planted by some of the greater proprietors, but for the most part uncultivated and uncivilized, a proper refuge for wild animals of every species. Of these the most notable was my friend Tom Cordery, who presented in his own person no unfit emblem of the district in which he lived —the gentlest of savages, the wildest of civilized men. He was by calling rat-catcher, hare-finder, and broom-maker; a triad of trades which he had substituted for the one grand profession of poaching, which he followed in his younger days with unrivalled talent and success, and would, undoubtedly, have pursued till his death, had not the bursting of an overloaded gun unluckily shot off his left hand. As it was, he still contrived to mingle a little of his old unlawful occupation with his honest callings; was a reference of high authority amongst the young aspirants, an adviser of undoubted honour and secrecy — suspected, and more than suspected, as being one "who, though he played no more, o'erlooked the cards." Yet he kept to windward of the law, and indeed contrived to be on such terms of social and even friendly intercourse with the guardians on M—— Common, as may be said to prevail between reputed thieves and the myrmidons of justice in the neighbourhood of Bow Street.

Never did any human being look more like that sort

of sportsman commonly called a poacher. He was a tall, finely-built man, with a prodigious stride, that cleared the ground like a horse, and a power of continuing his slow and steady speed, that seemed nothing less than miraculous. Neither man, nor horse, nor dog, could out-tire him. He had a bold, undaunted presence, and an evident strength and power of bone and muscle. You might see, by looking at him, that he did not know what fear meant. In his youth he had fought more battles than any man in the forest. He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and disgusts of humanity. I have known him take up a huge adder, cut off its head, and then deposit the living and writhing body in his brimless hat, and walk with it coiling and wreathing about his head, like another Medusa, till the sport of the day was over, and he carried it home to secure the fat. With all this iron stubbornness of nature, he was of a most mild and gentle demeanour, had a fine placidity of countenance, and a quick blue eye beaming with good humour. His face was sunburnt into one general pale vermilion hue that overspread all his features; his very hair was sunburnt too.

Everybody liked Tom Cordery. He had himself an aptness to like, which is certain to be repaid in kind; the very dogs knew him, and loved him, and would beat for him almost as soon as for their master. Even May, the most sagacious of greyhounds, appreciated his talents, and would as soon listen to Tom's sohoing as to old Tray giving tongue.

MRS WILLOW

JOHN DRINKWATER

MRS THOMAS WILLOW seems very glum.
Her life, perhaps, is very lonely and hum-drum,

Digging up potatoes, cleaning out the weeds,
Doing the little for a lone woman's needs.
Who was her husband? How long ago?
What does she wonder? What does she know?
Why does she listen over the wall,
Morning and noon-time and twilight and all,
As though unforgotten were some footfall?

"Good morning, Mrs Willow." "Good morning, sir,"
Is all the conversation I can get from her.
And her path-stones are white as lilies of the wood,
And she washes this and that till she must be very good.
She sends no letters and no one calls,
And she doesn't go whispering beyond her walls;
Nothing in her garden is secret, I think—
That's all sun-bright with foxglove and pink.
And she doesn't hover round old cupboards and shelves—
As old people do who have buried themselves;
She has no late lamps, and she digs all day,
And polishes and plants in a common way,
But glum she is, and she listens now and then
For a footfall, a footfall, a footfall again,
And whether it's hope, or whether it's dread,
Or a poor old fancy in her head,
I shall never be told; it will never be said.

A DIVINE OF THE OLD SCHOOL

T. L. Peacock

The Reverend Doctor Folliott took his departure about ten o'clock, to walk home to his vicarage. There was no moon, but the night was bright and clear, and afforded him as much light as he needed. He paused a moment by the Roman camp to listen to the nightingale; repeated to himself a passage of Sophocles; proceeded

through the park gate, and entered the narrow lane that led to the village. He walked on in a very pleasant mood of the state called *reverie*; in which fish and wine, Greek and political economy, the Sleeping Venus he had left behind, and poor dear Mrs Folliott, to whose fond arms he was returning, passed, as in a *camera obscura*, over the tablets of his imagination. Presently the image of Mr Eavesdrop, with a printed sketch of the Reverend Doctor F., presented itself before him, and he began mechanically to flourish his bamboo. The movement was prompted by his good genius, for the uplifted bamboo received the blow of a ponderous cudgel, which was intended for his head. The reverend gentleman recoiled two or three paces, and saw before him a couple of ruffians, who were preparing to renew the attack, but whom, with two swings of his bamboo, he laid with cracked sconces on the earth, where he proceeded to deal with them like corn beneath the flail of the thresher. One of them drew a pistol, which went off in the very act of being struck aside by the bamboo, and lodged a bullet in the brain of the other. There was then only one enemy, who vainly struggled to rise, every effort being attended with a new and more signal prostration. The fellow roared for mercy. "Mercy, rascal!" cried the divine; "what mercy were you going to show me, villain? What! I warrant me, you thought it would be an easy matter, and no sin, to rob and murder a parson on his way home from dinner. You said to yourself, doubtless, 'We'll waylay the fat parson (you irreverent knave), as he waddles home (you disparaging ruffian), half-seas-over (you calumnious vagabond).'" And with every dyslogistic term, which he supposed had been applied to himself, he inflicted a new bruise on his rolling and roaring antagonist. "Ah, rogue!" he proceeded, "you can roar now, marauder; you were silent enough when you devoted my brains to dispersion under your cudgel. But seeing that I cannot bind you, and

that I intend you not to escape, and that it would be dangerous to let you rise, I will disable you in all your members. I will contund you as Thestylis did strong smelling herbs, in the quality whereof you do most gravely partake, as my nose beareth testimony, ill weed that you are. I will beat you to a jelly, and I will then roll you into the ditch, to lie till the constable comes for you, thief."

"Hold! hold! reverend sir," exclaimed the penitent culprit, "I am disabled already in every finger, and in every joint. I will roll myself into the ditch, reverend sir."

"Stir not, rascal," returned the divine, "stir not so much as the quietest leaf above you, or my bamboo rebounds on your body, like hail in a thunder-storm. Confess, speedily, villain; are you a simple thief, or would you have manufactured me into a subject for the benefit of science? Ay, miscreant caitiff, you would have made me a subject for science, would you? You are a schoolmaster abroad, are you? You are marching with a detachment of the march of mind, are you? You are a member of the Steam Intellect Society, are you? You swear by the learned friend, do you?"

"Oh, no! reverend sir," answered the criminal, "I am innocent of all these offences, whatever they are, reverend sir. The only friend I had in the world is lying dead beside me, reverend sir."

The reverend gentleman paused a moment, and leaned on his bamboo. The culprit, bruised as he was, sprang on his legs, and went off in double quick time. The Doctor gave him chase, and had nearly brought him within arm's length, when the fellow turned at right angles, and sprang clean over a deep dry ditch. The divine, following with equal ardour, and less dexterity, went down over head and ears into a thicket of nettles. Emerging with much discomposure, he proceeded to the village, and roused the constable; but the constable

found, on reaching the scene of action, that the dead man was gone, as well as his living accomplice.

"Oh, the monster!" exclaimed the Reverend Doctor Folliott, "he has made a subject for science of the only friend he had in the world." "Ay, my dear," he resumed, the next morning at breakfast, "if my old reading, and my early gymnastics (for, as the great Hermann says, before I was demulced by the Muses, I was *ferocis ingenii puer, et ad arma quam ad literas paratior*), had not imbued me indelibly with some of the holy rage of *Frère Jean des Entommeures*, I should be, at this moment, lying on the table of some flinty-hearted anatomist, who would have sliced and disjointed me as unscrupulously as I do these remnants of the capon and chine, wherewith you consoled yourself yesterday for my absence at dinner. Phew! I have a noble thirst upon me, which I will quench with floods of tea."

From "Crotchet Castle"

WILL WIMBLE

JOSEPH ADDISON

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him:

SIR ROGER,

I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black river. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it: I will

bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eaton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
WILL WIMBLE

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man; he makes a May-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting dog that he has *made* himself; he now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring, as often as he meets them, "how they wear?" These gentleman-like manufactures, and obliging little humours, make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when he saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-

twigs in his hand, that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods as he came through them in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttle-cocks, he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half-year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned, but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in ; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack, he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it, he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars, that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl, that came afterwards, furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us ; and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart, and such busy hands, were wholly employed in trifles ; that so much humanity should be so little

beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind, and application to affairs, might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country, or himself, might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful, though ordinary, qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family: accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce.

From "The Spectator"

A COUNTRY DOWAGER

HENRY MACKENZIE

THE subject of the last-mentioned book [Nisbet's *Heraldry*] was my godmother's strong ground; and she could disentangle a point of genealogy beyond anybody I ever knew. She had an excellent memory for anecdote, and her stories, though sometimes long, were never tiresome; for she had been a woman of great beauty

and accomplishment in her youth, and had kept such company as made the drama of her stories respectable and interesting. She spoke frequently of such of her own family as she remembered when a child, but scarcely ever of those she had lost, though one could see she thought of them often. She had buried a beloved husband and four children. Her youngest, Edward, "her beautiful, her brave," fell in Flanders, and was not entombed with his ancestors. His picture, done when a child, an artless red and white portrait, smelling at a nosegay, but very like withal, hung at her bedside, and his sword and gorget were crossed under it. When she spoke of a soldier, it was in a style above her usual simplicity; there was a sort of swell in her language, which sometimes a tear (for her age had not lost the privilege of tears) made still more eloquent. She kept her sorrows, like the devotions that solaced them, sacred to herself. They threw nothing of gloom over her deportment; a gentle shade only, like the fleckered clouds of summer, that increase, not diminish, the benignity of the season.

She had few neighbours, and still fewer visitors; but her reception of such as did visit her was cordial in the extreme. She pressed a little too much, perhaps; but there was so much heart and goodwill in her importunity, as made her good things seem better than those of any other table. Nor was her attention confined only to the good fare of her guests, though it might have flattered her vanity more than that of most exhibitors of good dinners, because the cookery was generally directed by herself. The servants lived as well in her hall, and their horses in her stable. She looked after the airing of their sheets, and saw their fires mended if the night was cold. Her old butler, who rose betimes, would never suffer anybody to mount his horse fasting.

The parson of the parish was her guest every Sunday, and said prayers in the evening. To say truth, he was

no great genius, nor much a scholar. I believe my godmother knew rather more of divinity than he did; but she received from him information of another sort; he told her who were the poor, the sick, the dying of the parish, and she had some assistance, some comfort for them all.

I could draw the old lady at this moment!—dressed in grey, with a clean white hood nicely plaited (for she was somewhat finical about the neatness of her person), sitting in her straight-backed elbow-chair, which stood in a large window scooped out of the thickness of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glass, the story of Joseph and his brethren. On the outside waved a honeysuckle-tree, which often threw its shade across her book or her work; but she would not allow it to be cut down. "It has stood there many a day," said she, "and we old inhabitants should bear with one another." Methinks I see her thus seated, her spectacles on, but raised a little on her brow for a pause of explanation, their shagreen-case laid between the leaves of a silver-clasped family Bible.—On one side her bell and snuff-box; on the other her knitting apparatus in a blue damask bag. Between her and the fire an old Spanish pointer, that had formerly been her son Edward's, teased, but not teased out of his gravity, by a little terrier of mine. All this is before me, and I am a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its business. In town I may have seen such a figure; but the country scenery around, like the tasteful frame of an excellent picture, gives it a heightening, a relief, which it would lose in any other situation.

Some of my readers, perhaps, will look with little relish on the portrait. I know it is an egotism in me to talk of its value; but over this dish of tea, and in such a temper of mind, one is given to egotism. It will be only adding another to say, that when I recall the rural scene of the good old lady's abode, her simple, her innocent,

her useful employments, the afflictions she sustained in this world, the comforts she drew from another, I feel a serenity of soul, a benignity of affections, which I am sure confer happiness, and I think must promote virtue.

From "The Lounger"

JACK

E. V. Lucas

1

Every village has its Jack, but no village ever had quite so fine a Jack as ours :

So picturesque,
Versatile,
Irresponsible,
Powerful,
Hedonistic,
And lovable a Jack as ours.

2

How Jack lived none knew, for he rarely did any work,
True, he set night-lines for eels, and invariably caught one,
Often two,
Sometimes three ;
While very occasionally he had a day's harvesting or hay-making.
And yet he always found enough money for tobacco,
With a little over for beer, though he was no soaker.

3

Jack had a wife.
A soulless, savage woman she was, who disapproved volubly of his idle ways.
But the only result was to make him stay out longer,
(Like Rip Van Winkle).

4

Jack had a big black beard, and a red shirt, which was made for another.
And no waistcoat.
His boots were somebody else's;
He wore the Doctor's coat,
And the Vicar's trousers.
Personally, I gave him a hat, but it was too small.

5

Everybody liked Jack.
The Vicar liked him, although he never went to church.
Indeed, he was a cheerful Pagan, with no temptation to break more than the Eighth Commandment, and no ambition as a sinner.
The Curate liked him, although he had no simpering daughters.
The Doctor liked him, although he was never ill.
I liked him too—chiefly because of his perpetual good temper, and his intimacy with Nature, and his capacity for colouring cutties.
The girls liked him, because he brought them the first wild roses and the sweetest honeysuckle;
Also, because he could flatter so outrageously.

6

But the boys loved him.
They followed him in little bands:
Jack was their hero.
And no wonder, for he could hit a running rabbit with a stone.
And cut them long, straight fishing-poles and equilateral catty forks;
And he always knew of a fresh nest.
Besides, he could make a thousand things with his old pocket-knife.

7

How good he was at cricket too!
On the long summer evenings he would saunter to the green and watch the lads at play,
And by and by some one would offer him a few knocks.
Then the Doctor's coat would be carefully detached, and Jack would spit on his hands, and brandish the bat,
And away the ball would go, north and south and east and west,
And sometimes bang into the zenith.
For Jack had little science:
Upon each ball he made the same terrific and magnificent onslaught,
Whether half volley, or full pitch, or long hop, or leg break, or off break, or shooter, or yorker.
And when the stumps fell he would cheerfully set them up again, while his white teeth flashed in the recesses of his beard.

8

The only persons who were not conspicuously fond of Jack were his wife, and the schoolmaster, and the head-keeper.
The schoolmaster had an idea that if Jack were hanged there would be no more truants;
His wife would attend the funeral without an extraordinary show of grief;
And the head-keeper would mutter, "There's one poacher less."

9

Jack was quite as much a part of the village as the church spire;
And if any of us lazied along by the river in the dusk of the evening—
Waving aside nebulæ of gnats,

Turning head quickly at the splash of a jumping fish,
Peering where the water chuckled over a vanishing water-rat—
And saw not Jack's familiar form bending over his lines,
And smelt not his vile shag,
We should feel a loneliness, a vague impression that something was wrong.

10

For ten years Jack was always the same,
Never growing older,
Or richer,
Or tidier,
Never knowing that we had a certain pride in possessing him.
Then there came a tempter with tales of easily acquired wealth, and Jack went away in his company.

11

He has never come back,
And now the village is like a man who has lost an eye.
In the gloaming, no slouching figure, with colossal idleness in every line, leans against my garden wall, with prophecies of the morrow's weather;
And those who reviled Jack most wonder now what it was they found fault with.
We feel our bereavement deeply.
The Vicar, I believe, would like to offer public prayer for the return of the wanderer.
And the Doctor, I know, is a little unhinged, and curing people out of pure absence of mind.
For my part, I have hope; and the trousers I discarded last week will not be given away just yet.

OLD AGE

SCROOGE

CHARLES DICKENS

OH! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait: made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he; no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose; no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain and snow and hail and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? when will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle; no children asked him what it was o'clock; no man or woman ever once in all his life

inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him, and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts, and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones called "nuts" to Scrooge.

From "A Christmas Carol"

GRANDFATHER JAMES

THOMAS HARDY

OLD James (grandfather on the maternal side) had simply called as a visitor. He lived in a cottage by himself, and many people considered him a miser: some, rather slovenly in his habits. He now came forward from behind grandfather William, and his stooping figure formed a well-illuminated picture as he passed towards the fireplace. Being by trade a mason, he wore a long linen apron reaching almost to his toes, corduroy breeches and gaiters, which, together with his boots, graduated in tints of whitish-brown by constant friction against lime and stone. He also wore a very stiff fustian coat, having folds at the elbows and shoulders as unvarying in their arrangement as those in a pair of bellows: the ridges and the projecting parts of the coat collectively exhibiting a shade different from that of the hollows, which were lined with small ditch-like accumulations of stone and mortar dust. The extremely large side-pockets, sheltered beneath wide flaps, bulged out convexly whether empty or full; and as he was often engaged to work at buildings far away—his breakfasts and dinners being eaten in a strange chimney-corner, by

a garden wall, on a heap of stones, or walking along the road—he carried in these pockets a small tin canister of butter, a small canister of sugar, a small canister of tea, a paper of salt, and a paper of pepper; the bread, cheese, and meat, forming the substance of his meals, hanging up behind him in his basket among the hammers and chisels. If a passer-by looked hard at him when he was drawing forth any of these—" My larders," he said, with a pinched smile.

From " Under the Greenwood Tree "

THE LAST LEAF

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
" They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago,—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

COUNT FOSCO

WILKIE COLLINS

ALL the smallest characteristics of this strange man have something strikingly original and perplexingly contradictory in them. Fat as he is and old as he is, his movements are astonishingly light and easy. He is as noiseless in a room as any of us women, and more than that, with all his look of unmistakable mental firmness and power, he is as nervously sensitive as the weakest of us. He starts at chance noises as inveterately as Laura herself. He winced and shuddered yesterday, when Sir Percival beat one of the spaniels, so that I felt ashamed of my own want of tenderness and sensibility by comparison with the Count.

The relation of this last incident reminds me of one of his most curious peculiarities, which I have not yet mentioned—his extraordinary fondness for pet animals.

Some of these he has left on the Continent, but he has brought with him to this house a cockatoo, two canary-birds, and a whole family of white mice. He attends to all the necessities of these strange favourites himself, and he has taught the creatures to be surprisingly fond of him and familiar with him. The cockatoo, a most vicious and treacherous bird towards every one else, absolutely seems to love him. When he lets it out of its cage, it hops on to his knee, and claws its way up his great big body, and rubs its top-knot against his sallow double chin in the most caressing manner imaginable. He has only to set the doors of the canaries' cages open, and to call them, and the pretty little cleverly trained creatures perch fearlessly on his hand, mount his fat outstretched fingers one by one, when he tells them to "go upstairs," and sing together as if they would burst their throats with delight when they get to the top finger. His white mice live in a little pagoda of gaily-

painted wirework, designed and made by himself. They are almost as tame as the canaries, and they are perpetually let out like the canaries. They crawl all over him, popping in and out of his waistcoat, and sitting in couples, white as snow, on his capacious shoulders. He seems to be even fonder of his mice than of his other pets, smiles at them, and kisses them, and calls them by all sorts of endearing names. If it be possible to suppose an Englishman with any taste for such childish interests and amusements as these, that Englishman would certainly feel rather ashamed of them, and would be anxious to apologize for them, in the company of grown-up people. But the Count apparently sees nothing ridiculous in the amazing contrast between his colossal self and his frail little pets. He would blandly kiss his white mice and twitter to his canary-birds amid an assembly of English fox-hunters, and would only pity them as barbarians when they were all laughing their loudest at him.

It seems hardly credible while I am writing it down, but it is certainly true, that this same man, who has all the fondness of an old maid for his cockatoo, and all the small dexterities of an organ-boy in managing his white mice, can talk, when anything happens to rouse him, with a daring independence of thought, a knowledge of books in every language, and an experience of society in half the capitals of Europe, which would make him the prominent personage of any assembly in the civilized world. This trainer of canary-birds, this architect of a pagoda for white mice, is (as Sir Percival himself has told me) one of the first experimental chemists living, and has discovered, among other wonderful inventions, a means of petrifying the body after death, so as to preserve it, as hard as marble, to the end of time. This fat, indolent, elderly man, whose nerves are so finely strung that he starts at chance noises, and winces when he sees a house-spaniel get a

whipping, went into the stable-yard on the morning after his arrival, and put his hand on the head of a chained bloodhound—a beast so savage that the very groom who feeds him keeps out of his reach. His wife and I were present, and I shall not forget the scene that followed, short as it was.

"Mind that dog, sir," said the groom; "he flies at everybody!" "He does that, my friend," replied the Count quietly, "because everybody is afraid of him. Let us see if he flies at me." And he laid his plump, yellow-white fingers, on which the canary-birds had been perching ten minutes before, upon the formidable brute's head, and looked him straight in the eyes. "You big dogs are all cowards," he said, addressing the animal contemptuously, with his face and the dog's within an inch of each other. "You would kill a poor cat, you infernal coward. You would fly at a starving beggar, you infernal coward. Anything that you can surprise unawares—anything that is afraid of your big body, and your wicked white teeth, and your slobbering, blood-thirsty mouth, is the thing you like to fly at. You could throttle me at this moment, you mean, miserable bully, and you daren't so much as look me in the face, because I'm not afraid of you. Will you think better of it, and try your teeth in my fat neck? Bah! not you!" He turned away, laughing at the astonishment of the men in the yard, and the dog crept back meekly to his kennel. "Ah! my nice waistcoat!" he said pathetically. "I am sorry I came here. Some of that brute's slobber has got on my pretty clean waistcoat." Those words express another of his incomprehensible oddities. He is as fond of fine clothes as the veriest fool in existence, and has appeared in four magnificent waistcoats already—all of light garish colours, and all immensely large even for him—in the two days of his residence at Blackwater Park.

His tact and cleverness in small things are quite as noticeable as the singular inconsistencies in his character,

and the childish triviality of his ordinary tastes and pursuits.

I can see already that he means to live on excellent terms with all of us during the period of his sojourn in this place. He has evidently discovered that Laura secretly dislikes him (she confessed as much to me when I pressed her on the subject)—but he has also found out that she is extravagantly fond of flowers. Whenever she wants a nosegay he has got one to give her, gathered and arranged by himself, and greatly to my amusement, he is always cunningly provided with a duplicate, composed of exactly the same flowers, grouped in exactly the same way, to appease his icily jealous wife before she can so much as think herself aggrieved. His management of the Countess (in public) is a sight to see. He bows to her, he habitually addresses her as "my angel," he carries his canaries to pay her little visits on his fingers and to sing to her, he kisses her hand when she gives him his cigarettes; he presents her with sugar-plums in return, which he puts into her mouth playfully, from a box in his pocket. The rod of iron with which he rules her never appears in company—it is a private rod, and is always kept upstairs.

From "The Woman in White"

MISS BATES

Jane Austen

Mrs Bates, the widow of a former vicar of Highbury, was a very old lady, almost past everything but tea and quadrille. She lived with her single daughter in a very small way, and was considered with all the regard and respect which a harmless old lady, under such untoward circumstances, can excite. Her daughter enjoyed a most uncommon degree of popularity for a woman neither young, handsome, rich, nor married. Miss Bates

stood in the very worst predicament in the world for having much of the public favour; and she had no intellectual superiority to make atonement to herself, or frighten those who might hate her, into outward respect. She had never boasted either beauty or cleverness. Her youth had passed without distinction, and her middle of life was devoted to the care of a failing mother, and the endeavour to make a small income go as far as possible. And yet she was a happy woman, and a woman whom no one named without goodwill. It was her own universal goodwill and contented temper which worked such wonders. She loved everybody, was interested in everybody's happiness, quick-sighted to everybody's merits; thought herself a most fortunate creature, and surrounded with blessings in such an excellent mother, and so many good neighbours and friends, and a home that wanted for nothing. The simplicity and cheerfulness of her nature, her contented and grateful spirit, were a recommendation to everybody and a mine of felicity to herself. She was a great talker upon little matters, which exactly suited Mr Woodhouse, full of trivial communications and harmless gossip.

From "Emma"

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

THE THREE WISE MEN

LEW WALLACE

THE Jebel es Zubleh is a mountain fifty miles and more in length, and so narrow that its tracery on the map gives it a likeness to a caterpillar crawling from the south to the north. Standing on its red-and-white cliffs, and looking off under the path of the rising sun, one sees only the Desert of Arabia, where the east winds, so hateful to the vine-growers of Jericho, have kept their playgrounds since the beginning. Its feet are well covered by sands tossed from the Euphrates, there to lie; for the mountain is a wall to the pasture-lands of Moab and Ammon on the west—lands which else had been of the desert a part.

The Arab has impressed his language upon everything south and east of Judea; so, in his tongue, the old Jebel is the parent of numberless wadies which, intersecting the Roman road—now a dim suggestion of what once it was, a dusty path for Syrian pilgrims to and from Mecca—run their furrows, deepening as they go, to pass the torrents of the rainy season into the Jordan, or their last receptacle, the Dead Sea. Out of one of these wadies a traveller passed, going to the table-lands of the desert. To this person the attention of the reader is first besought.

Judged by his appearance, he was quite forty-five years old. His beard, once of the deepest black, flowing broadly over his breast, was streaked with white. His face was brown as a parched coffee-berry, and so hidden by a red *kufiyeh* (as the kerchief of the head is at this

day called by the children of the desert) as to be but in part visible. Now and then he raised his eyes, and they were large and dark. He was clad in the flowing garments so universal in the East; but their style may not be described more particularly, for he sat under a miniature tent, and rode a great white dromedary.

When the dromedary lifted itself out of the last break of the wady, the traveller had passed the boundary of El Belka, the ancient Ammon. It was morning time. Off to the right rose the hills of the Jebel, the pearl-grey veil resting upon them changing momentarily into a purple which the sun would make matchless a little later. Over their highest peaks a vulture sailed on broad wings into widening circles. But of all these things the tenant under the green tent saw nothing, or, at least, made no sign of recognition. His eyes were fixed and dreamy. The going of the man, like that of the animal, was as one being led.

Exactly at noon the dromedary, of its own will, stopped, and uttered the cry or moan, peculiarly piteous, by which its kind always protest against an overload, and sometimes crave attention and rest. The master thereupon bestirred himself, waking, as it were, from sleep. He threw the curtains of the *houdah* up, looked at the sun, surveyed the country on every side long and carefully, as if to identify an appointed place. Satisfied with the inspection, he drew a deep breath and nodded, much as to say "At last, at last!" A moment later, he crossed his hands upon his breast, bowed his head, and prayed silently. The pious duty done, he prepared to dismount. From his throat proceeded the sound heard doubtless by the favourite camels of Job—*Ikh! ikh!*—the signal to kneel. Slowly the animal obeyed, grunting the while. The rider then put his foot upon the slender neck, and stepped upon the sand.

The man as now revealed was of admirable proportions, not so tall as powerful. Loosening the silken rope

which held the *kufiyeh* on his head, he brushed the fringed folds back until his face was bare—a strong face, almost negro in colour; yet the low, broad forehead, aquiline nose, the outer corners of the eyes turned slightly upward, the hair profuse, straight, harsh, of metallic lustre, and falling to the shoulder in many plaits, were signs of origin impossible to disguise. So looked the Pharaohs and the later Ptolemies; so looked Mizraim, father of the Egyptian race. What was very noticeable, considering he was alone, and that the desert was the haunt of leopards and lions, and men quite as wild, he carried no arms, not even the crooked stick used for guiding camels; wherefore we may at least infer his errand peaceful, and that he was either uncommonly bold or under extraordinary protection.

The traveller's limbs were numb, for the ride had been long and wearisome; so he rubbed his hands and stamped his feet, and walked round the faithful servant, whose lustrous eyes were closing in calm content with the cud he had already found. Often, while making the circuit, he paused, and, shading his eyes with his hands, examined the desert to the extremest verge of vision; and always, when the survey was ended, his face clouded with disappointment, slight, but enough to advise a shrewd spectator that he was there expecting company, if not by appointment; at the same time, the spectator would have been conscious of a sharpening of the curiosity to learn what the business could be that required transaction in a place so far from civilized abode.

However disappointed, there could be little doubt of the stranger's confidence in the coming of the expected company. In token thereof, he went first to the litter, and, from the cot or box opposite the one he had occupied in coming, produced a sponge and a small gurglet of water, with which he washed the eyes, face, and nostrils of the camel; that done, from the same depository he drew a circular cloth, red-and-white-

striped, a bundle of rods, and a stout cane. The latter, after some manipulation, proved to be a cunning device of lesser joints, one within another, which, when united together, formed a centre pole higher than his head. When the pole was planted, and the rods set around it, he spread the cloth over them, and was literally at home—a home much smaller than the habitations of emir and sheik, yet their counterpart in all other respects. From the litter again he brought a carpet or square rug, and covered the floor of the tent on the side from the sun. That done, he went out, and once more, and with greater care and more eager eyes, swept the encircling country. Except a distant jackal, galloping across the plain, and an eagle flying towards the Gulf of Akaba, the waste below, like the blue above it, was lifeless.

From the pouches which lined the interior of the cot, and from a willow basket which was part of its furniture, he brought forth materials for a meal: platters close-woven of the fibres of palms; wine in small gurglets of skin; mutton dried and smoked; stoneless *shami*, or Syrian pomegranates; dates of El Shelebi, wondrous rich, and grown in the *nakhil*, or palm orchards of Central Arabia; cheese, like David's "slices of milk"; and leavened bread from the city bakery—all which he carried and set upon the carpet under the tent. As the final preparation, about the provisions he laid three pieces of silk cloth, used among refined people of the East to cover the knees of guests while at table—a circumstance significant of the number of persons who were to partake of his entertainment—the number he was awaiting.

All was now ready. He stepped out: lo! in the east a dark speck on the face of the desert. He stood as if rooted to the ground; his eyes dilated; his flesh crept chilly, as if touched by something supernatural. The speck grew; became large as a hand; at length assumed defined proportions. A little later, full into view swung

a duplication of his own dromedary, tall and white, and bearing a *houdah*, the travelling litter of Hindostan. Then the Egyptian crossed his hands upon his breast, and looked to heaven.

"God only is great!" he exclaimed, his eyes full of tears, his soul in awe.

The stranger drew nigh—at last stopped. Then, he, too, seemed just waking. He beheld the kneeling camel, the tent, and the man standing prayerfully at the door. He crossed his hands, bent his head, and prayed silently; after which, in a little while, he stepped from his camel's neck to the sand, and advanced towards the Egyptian, as did the Egyptian towards him. A moment they looked at each other; then they embraced—that is, each threw his right arm over the other's shoulder, and the left round the side, placing his chin first upon the left, then upon the right breast.

"Peace be with thee, O servant of the true God!" the stranger said.

"And to thee, O brother of the true faith!—to thee peace and welcome," the Egyptian replied, with fervour.

The new-comer was tall and gaunt, with lean face, sunken eyes, white hair and beard, and a complexion between the hue of cinnamon and bronze. He, too, was unarmed. His costume was Hindostani; over the skull-cap a shawl was wound in great folds, forming a turban; his body garments were in the style of the Egyptian's, except that the *aba* was shorter, exposing wide flowing breeches gathered at the ankles. The air of the man was high, stately, severe. He might have been called a Life drenched with the wisdom of Brahma—Devotion Incarnate. Only in his eyes was there proof of humanity; when he lifted his face from the Egyptian's breast, they were glistening with tears.

"God only is great!" he exclaimed, when the embrace was finished.

" And blessed are they that serve Him ! " the Egyptian answered, wondering at the paraphrase of his own exclamation. " But let us wait," he added, " let us wait; for see, the other comes yonder ! "

They looked to the north, where, already plain to view, a third camel, of the whiteness of the others, came careening like a ship. They waited, standing together —waited until the new-comer arrived, dismounted, and advanced towards them.

" Peace to you, O my brother ! " he said, while embracing the Hindoo. And the Hindoo answered, " God's will be done ! "

The last comer was all unlike his friends; his frame was slighter; his complexion white; a mass of waving light hair was a perfect crown for his small but beautiful head; the warmth of his dark-blue eyes certified a delicate mind, and a cordial, brave nature. He was bare-headed and unarmed. No need to tell the student from what kindred he was sprung; if he came not himself from the groves of Athené, his ancestry did.

When his arms fell from the Egyptian, the latter said with a tremulous voice, " The Spirit brought me first; wherefore I know myself chosen to be the servant of my brethren. The tent is set, and the bread is ready for the breaking. Let me perform my office."

Taking each by the hand, he led them within, and removed their sandals and washed their feet, and he poured water upon their hands, and dried them with napkins.

Then, when he had laved his own hands, he said, " Let us take care of ourselves, brethren, as our service requires, and eat, that we may be strong for what remains of the day's duty. While we eat, we will each learn who the others are, and whence they come, and how they are called."

He took them to the repast, and seated them so that they faced each other. Simultaneously their heads bent

forward, their hands crossed upon their breasts, and, speaking together, they said aloud this simple grace:

"Father of all—God!—what we have here is of Thee; take our thanks and bless us, that we may continue to do Thy will."

With the last word they raised their eyes, and looked at each other in wonder. Each had spoken in a language never before heard by the others; yet each understood perfectly what was said. Their souls thrilled with divine emotion; for by the miracle they recognised the Divine Presence.

From "Ben Hur"

GLAUCUS

Lord Lytton

The bells of the cars, as they rapidly glided by each other, jingled merrily on the ear, and Clodius with smiles or nods claimed familiar acquaintance with whatever equipage was most elegant or fantastic—in fact, no young man was better known about Pompeii.

"What, Clodius! and how have you slept on your good fortune?" cried, in a pleasant and musical voice, a young man in a chariot of the most fastidious and graceful fashion. Upon its surface of bronze were elaborately wrought, in the still exquisite workmanship of Greece, the reliefs of the Olympian games. The two horses that drew the car were of the rarest breed of Parthia; their slender limbs seemed to disdain the ground and court the air, and yet at the slightest touch of the charioteer, who stood behind the young owner of the equipage, they paused motionless, as if suddenly transformed into stone,—lifeless, but lifelike, as one of the breathing wonders of Praxiteles. The owner himself was of that slender and beautiful symmetry from which the sculptors of Athens drew their models; his Grecian

origin betrayed itself in his light but clustering locks, and the perfect harmony of his features. He wore no toga, which in the time of the emperors had indeed ceased to be the general distinction of the Romans, and was especially ridiculed by the pretenders to fashion; but his tunic glowed in the richest hues of the Tyrian dye, and the fibulæ, or buckles, by which it was fastened sparkled with emeralds. Around his neck was a chain of gold, which in the middle of his breast twisted itself into the form of a serpent's head, from the mouth of which hung pendent a large signet ring of elaborate and most exquiste workmanship. The sleeves of the tunic were loose, and fringed at the hand with gold; and across the waist a girdle wrought in arabesque designs, and of the same material as the fringe, served in lieu of pockets for the receptacle of the handkerchief and the purse, the stilus and the tablets.

"My dear Glaucus!" said Clodius, "I rejoice to see that your losses have so little affected your mien. Why, you seem as if you had been inspired by Apollo, and your face shines with happiness like a glory; any one might take you for the winner, and me for the loser."

"And what is there in the loss or gain of those dull pieces of metal that should change our spirit, my Clodius? By Venus! while, yet young, we can cover our full locks with chaplets — while yet the cithara sounds on unsated ears—while yet the smile of Lydia or of Chloe flashes over our veins in which the blood runs so swiftly, so long shall we find delight in the sunny air, and make bald time itself but the treasurer of our joys. You sup with me to-night, you know."

"Who ever forgets the invitation of Glaucus!"

From "The Last Days of Pompeii"

AN OLD-TIME LEECH

CHARLES READE

IT was noon of the same day. In a bedroom of the Silver Lion in Dusseldorf the rugged Denys sat watching anxiously by the bedside of his young friend. So many shocks, emotions, perils, horrors, added to the wound, had tried his youthful body and sensitive nature too severely; and now he lay raging and delirious with fever.

"Courage, my friend!" Denys would say, in his cheery voice; but, "My head! my head!" was all poor Gerard could reply.

By the afternoon of the next day, however, the patient was no longer light-headed, but very irritable and full of fancies; and in one of these he begged Denys to get him a lemon to suck. Denys, who from a rough soldier had been turned by tender friendship into a kind of grandfather, got up hastily, and bidding him set his mind at ease, "lemons he should have in the twinkling of a quart pot," went and ransacked the shops for them.

They were not so common in the North as they are now, and he was absent a long while, and Gerard getting very impatient, when at last the door opened. But it was not Denys. Entered softly an imposing figure; an old gentleman in a long sober gown trimmed with rich fur, cherry-coloured hose, and pointed shoes, with a sword by his side in a morocco scabbard, a ruff round his neck not only starched severely, but treacherously stiffened in furrows by a little hidden framework of wood; and on his head a four-cornered cap with a fur border; on his chin and bosom a majestic white beard. Gerard was in no doubt as to the vocation of his visitor, for, the sword excepted, this was familiar to him as the full dress of a physician. Moreover, a boy

followed at his heels with a basket, where phials, lint, and surgical tools rather courted than shunned observation. The old gentleman came softly to the bedside, and said mildly, "How is't with thee, my son?"

Gerard answered gratefully that his wound gave him little pain now; but his throat was parched, and his head heavy.

"A wound! they told me not of that. Let me see it. Ay, ay, a good clean bite. The mastiff had sound teeth that took this out, I warrant me"; and the good doctor's sympathy seemed to run off to the quadruped he had conjured, his jackal.

"This must be cauterised forthwith, or we shall have you starting back from water, and turning somersaults in bed under our hands. 'Tis the year for raving curs, and one hath done your business; but we will baffle him yet. Urchin, go heat thine iron."

"But, sir," edged in Gerard, "'twas no dog, but a bear."

"And why didst not tell me that at once?"

"Because you kept telling me instead."

Whilst matters were in this posture, in came Denys with the lemons, and stood surprised. "What sport is toward?" said he, raising his brows.

Gerard coloured a little, and told him the learned doctor was going to bleed him and cauterise him; that was all.

"Ay, indeed; and yon imp, what bloweth he hot coals for?"

"What should it be for," said the doctor to Gerard, "but to cauterise the vein when opened and the poisonous blood let free?"

"Oh, I see," said Denys grimly. "And I suppose you sent for this leech?" he went on, addressing Gerard.

"Not I!" replied the latter. "I thought you had."

"Nay," explained the doctor, "the good landlord

told me one was ' down ' in his house ; so I said to myself, ' A stranger, and in need of my art,' and came incontinently."

" It was the act of a good Christian, sir," said Gerard.

" Of a good bloodhound," cried Denys contemptuously. " What, art thou so green as not to know that all these landlords are in league with certain of their fellow-citizens, who pay them toll on each booty ? Whatever you pay this ancient for stealing your life blood, of that the landlord takes his third for betraying you to him. Nay, more, as soon as ever your blood goes down the stair in that basin there, the landlord will see it or smell it, and send swiftly to his undertaker and get his third out of that job. For if he waited till the doctor got downstairs, the doctor would be beforehand and bespeak *his* undertaker, and then *he* would get the black thirds. Say I sooth, old Rouge et Noir ? "

" Denys, Denys, who taught you to think so ill of man ? "

" Mine eyes, that are not to be gulled by what men say, seeing this many a year what they do, in all the lands I travel."

There was a dead silence, broken only by the silvery voice of Gerard, as he lay tranquil, and gazed calmly at the ceiling, and trickled into words.

" Venerable sir, I thank you for coming to see me, whether from humanity, or in the way of honest gain ; all trades must live ; but I will keep you no longer from those who can afford to lay out blood and money in bleeding and cautery."

The old physician had naturally a hot temper, and now it mastered him. The most dignified course was silence ; he saw this, and drew himself up, and made loftily for the door, followed close by his little boy and big basket.

But at the door he choked, he swelled, he burst. He whirled and came back open-mouthed, and the little

boy and big basket had to whisk semicircularly not to be run down.

"Ah! you reject my skill, you scorn my art. My revenge shall be to leave you to yourself; lost idiot, take your last look at me, and at the sun. Your blood be on your head!" And away he stamped.

But on reaching the door he whirled and came back; his wicker tail twirling round after him like a cat's.

"In twelve hours at furthest you will be in the secondary stage of fever. Your head will split. Your arteries will thump. Aha! And after that nothing can save you, not even I; and if I could I would not, and so farewell!"

Gerard sprang to his feet on the bed by some supernatural gymnastic power excitement lent him, and seeing him so moved, the vindictive orator came back at him fiercer than ever, to launch some master-threat the world has unhappily lost; for as he came with his whisking train, and shaking his fist, Gerard hurled the bolster furiously in his face, and knocked him down like a shot, the boy's head cracked under his falling master's, and crash went the dumb-stricken orator into the basket, and there sat wedged in an inverted angle, crushing phial after phial. The boy, being light, was strewed afar, but in a squatting posture; so that they sat in a sequence, like graduated specimens, the smaller howling. But soon the doctor's face filled with horror, and he uttered a far louder and unearthly screech, and kicked and struggled with wonderful agility for one of his age.

He was sitting on the hot coals.

They had singed the cloth and were now biting the man. Struggling wildly but vainly to get out of the basket, he rolled yelling over with it sideways, and lo! a great hissing; then the humane Gerard ran and wrenched off the tight basket not without a struggle. The doctor lay on his face groaning, handsomely singed

with his own chafer, and slaked a moment too late by his own villainous compounds, which, however, being as various and even beautiful in colour as they were odious in taste, had strangely diversified his grey robe, and painted it more gaudy than neat.

Gerard and Denys raised him up and consoled him. "Courage, man, 'tis but cautery; balm of Gilead, why, you recommended it but now to my comrade here."

The physician replied only by a look of concentrated spite, and went out in dead silence, thrusting his stomach forth before him in the drollest way. The boy followed him next moment, but in that slight interval he left off whining, burst into a grin, and conveyed to the culprits by an unrefined gesture his accurate comprehension of, and rapturous though compressed joy at, his master's disaster.

From "The Cloister and the Hearth"

ROBIN HOOD

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

ROBIN HOOD differed from all other patriots—for patriot he was—of whom we read in tale or history. Wallace, to whom he has been compared, was a high-souled man of a sterner stamp, who loved better to see tyrants die than gain all the gold the world had to give; and Rob Roy, to whom the poet of Rydal Mount has likened the outlaw of Sherwood, had little of the merry humour and romantic courtesy of bold Robin. This seems to have arisen more from the nature than the birth of the man; he was no lover of blood, he delighted in sparing those who sought his life when they fell into his power; and he was beyond all examples, even of knighthood, tender and thoughtful about women; even when he

prayed, he preferred Our Lady to all the other saints in the calendar.

Next to the ladies, he loved the yeomanry of England; he molested no hind at the plough, no thresher in the barn, no shepherd with his flocks; he was the friend and protector of husbandman and hind, and woe to the priest who fleeced, or the noble who oppressed them. The widow too and the fatherless he looked upon as under his care, and wheresoever he went some old woman was ready to do him a kindness for a saved son or a rescued husband.

The personal strength of the outlaw was not equal to his activity; but his wit so far excelled his might that he never found use for the strength which he had—so well did he form his plans and work out all his stratagems. . . .

He was a man too of winning manners and captivating address, for his eloquence, united with his woodland cheer, sometimes prevailed on the very men who sought his life to assume his livery, and try the pleasures which Barnesdale or Plumpton afforded.

From "Robin Hood, as a Popular Hero"

MAID MARIAN

T. L. Peacock

"A MAD girl, a mad girl," said the little friar.

"How a mad girl?" said brother Michael. "Has she not beauty, grace, wit, sense, discretion, dexterity, learning, and valour?"

"Learning!" exclaimed the little friar; "what has a woman to do with learning? And valour! who ever heard a woman commended for valour? Meekness and mildness, and softness, and gentleness, and tenderness, and humility, and obedience to her husband, and

faith in her confessor, and domesticity, or, as learned doctors call it, the faculty of stayathomeitiveness, and embroidery, and music, and pickling, and preserving, and the whole complex and multiplex detail of the noble science of dinner, as well in preparation for the table, as in arrangement over it, and in distribution around it to knights, and squires, and ghostly friars,—these are female virtues: but valour—why, who ever heard——?"

"She is the all in all," said brother Michael, "gentle as a ring-dove, yet high-soaring as a falcon: humble below her deserving, yet deserving beyond the estimate of panegyric: an exact economist in all superfluity, yet a most bountiful dispenser in all liberality: the chief regulator of her household, the fairest pillar of her hall, and the sweetest blossom of her bower: having, in all opposite proposings, sense to understand, judgment to weigh, discretion to choose, firmness to undertake, diligence to conduct, perseverance to accomplish, and resolution to maintain. For obedience to her husband, that is not to be tried till she has one: for faith in her confessor, she has as much as the law prescribes: for embroidery an Arachne: for music a Siren: and for pickling and preserving, did not one of her jars of sugared apricots give you your last surfeit at Arlingford Castle?"

"Call you that preserving?" said the little friar; "I call it destroying. Call you it pickling? Truly it pickled me. My life was saved by miracle."

"By canary," said brother Michael. "Canary is the only life preserver, the true *aurum potabile*, the universal panacea for all diseases, thirst, and short life. Your life was saved by canary."

"Indeed, reverend father," said Sir Ralph, "if the young lady be half what you describe, she must be a paragon; but your commending her for valour does somewhat amaze me."

"She can fence," said the little friar, "and draw the long bow, and play at single-stick and quarter-staff."

"Yet mark you," said brother Michael, "not like a virago or a hoyden, or one that would crack a serving-man's head for spilling gravy on her ruff, but with such womanly grace and temperate self-command as if those manly exercises belonged to her only, and were become for her sake feminine."

"You incite me," said Sir Ralph, "to view her more nearly. That madcap earl found me other employment than to remark her in the chapel."

From "Maid Marian"

TWO BEAUX

I. A FUGITIVE BEAU

HORACE SMITH

As he was returning from Aldersgate Street, he observed himself to be dogged by two men, whom he presently recognised to be bailiffs, and who, by their motions, were evidently holding him in pursuit. . . .

Unfortunately for the beaux of those days, they were much more conspicuous in their attire, and consequently had much less chance of escape, than their modern successors. Jocelyn wore a richly-embroidered doublet of deer-coloured velvet with silver buttons and loops, the collar standing on end with plaiting of the same metal; his philamott, or gold-coloured cloak, was edged with a deep lace; a Buckingham or Montero hat covered his dark flowing and scented periwig; his band was trimmed with *pointe d'Espagne*, and a profusion of well-gummed satin ribbons, of orange colour, red and tawny, decorated his hat, his sword, the knees of his black cannon hose, his russet shoes, his periwig, and, in short, every part of his person to which they

could be attached; such silken trappings being at that moment an indispensable appendage to every man of fashion.

Such a gaudy apparition, rustling and fluttering through the air like a huge painted butterfly, was not likely to be lost to the inquiries of his pursuers, even if he escaped for a few moments from their sight; and, as he was obliged every now and then to stop and take breath, the bailiffs, tracking him with the patient perseverance of hounds, were sure to appear just as he had flattered himself that they were fairly distanced and at fault.

After keeping up this sort of flight through a variety of streets, with the names of which he was unacquainted, he at length found himself in the Artillery Walk, adjoining Bunhill Fields, and, being nearly exhausted with his efforts, he turned suddenly up a passage, resolved to seek shelter in the first house[1] that should offer, and thus take the chance of eluding his pursuers.

From "Brambletye House"

II. HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

BUT, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home;
He was perfumèd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box which ever and anon

[1] This happened to be the home of John Milton, who was busy dictating his famous poem, *Paradise Lost*, to one of his daughters. Instead of resenting Jocelyn's intrusion, he offered the fugitive shelter until the danger had passed.

He gave his nose, and took't away again ;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff :—and still he smil'd and talk'd ;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what ;
He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark),
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

From " Henry the Fourth "

A HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WHEN Fergus and Waverley met, the latter was struck with the peculiar grace and dignity of the Chieftain's figure. Above the middle size, and finely proportioned, the Highland dress, which he wore in its simplest mode, set off his person to great advantage. He wore

the trews, or close trowsers, made of tartan, chequed scarlet and white; in other particulars, his dress strictly resembled Evan's, excepting that he had no weapon save a dirk, very richly mounted with silver. His page, as we have said, carried his claymore; and the fowling-piece, which he held in his hand, seemed only designed for sport. He had shot in the course of his walk some young wild-ducks, as, though *close-time* was then unknown, the broods of grouse were yet too young for the sportsman. His countenance was decidedly Scottish, with all the peculiarities of the northern physiognomy, but yet had so little of its harshness and exaggeration, that it would have been pronounced in any country extremely handsome. The martial air of the bonnet, with a single eagle's feather as a distinction, added much to the manly appearance of his head, which was besides ornamented with a far more natural and graceful cluster of close black curls than ever were exposed to sale in Bond-Street.

An air of openness and affability increased the favourable impression derived from this handsome and dignified exterior. Yet a skilful physiognomist would have been less satisfied with the countenance on the second than on the first view. The eyebrow and upper lip bespoke something of the habit of peremptory command and decisive superiority. Even his courtesy, though open, frank, and unconstrained, seemed to indicate a sense of personal importance; and, upon any check or accidental excitation, a sudden, though transient lour of the eye, shewed a hasty, haughty, and vindictive temper, not less to be dreaded because it seemed much under its owner's command. In short, the countenance of the Chieftain resembled a smiling summer's day, in which, notwithstanding, we are made sensible by certain, though slight signs, that it may thunder and lighten before the close of evening.

From "Waverley"

THE PARISH SCHOOLMASTER

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

From "The Deserted Village"

LITERARY PORTRAITS

SHAKESPEARE AT TWENTY-TWO

Douglas Jerrold

MANY a head was thrust from the windows to look at the offenders, as, mounted on horseback, and well guarded on all sides by Sir Thomas Lucy's servants and the constables of Stratford, they took their way through the town, and, crossing the Avon, turned on the left to Charlecote.

There were four criminals, and all in the first flush of manhood; they rode as gaily among their guards as though each carried a hawk upon his fist and were ambling to the sound of Milan bells. One of the culprits was specially distinguished from his companions, more by the perfect beauty of his face than by the laughing unconcern that shone in it. He seemed about twenty-two years of age, of somewhat more than ordinary stature, his limbs combining gracefulness of form with manly strength. He sat upon his saddle as though he grew there. His countenance was of extraordinary sweetness. He had an eye, at once so brilliant and so deep, so various in its expression, so keenly piercing, yet so meltingly soft—an eye so wonderful and instant in its power as though it could read the whole world at a glance—such an eye as hardly ever shone within the face of man; it was not an eye of flesh—it was a living soul. His nose and chin were shaped as with a chisel from the fairest marble; his mouth looked instinct with thought, yet as sweet and gentle in its expression as is an infant's when it dreams and smiles. And as he

doffed his hat to a fair head that looked mournfully at him from an upper casement, his broad forehead bared out from his dark curls in surpassing power and amplitude. It seemed a tablet writ with a new world.

The townspeople gazed at the young man, and some of them said, "Poor Will Shakespeare!" Others said, "'Twas a sore thing to get a child for the gallows!" and one old crone lifted up her lean hands and cried, "God help poor Anne Hathaway, she had better married the tailor!" Some prophesied a world of trouble for the young man's parents; many railed him as a scapegrace given to loose companions, a mischievous varlet, a midnight roysterer; but the greater number only cried, "Poor Will Shakespeare!" It was but a short ride to the hall, yet ere the escort had arrived there Sir Thomas Lucy with some choice guests were seated at dinner.

Hereupon the constables were ordered to take especial care of the culprits, who were forthwith consigned to the darkest and strongest cellar at Charlecote. Here, at least, it was thought that Will Shakespeare would abate somewhat of his unseemly hardihood, for all the way to the mansion he had laughed and jested and made riddles on the constables' beards.

In the morning Sir Thomas took his chair of state and ordered the culprits to his presence. The servants hurried to the cellar—but the birds were flown. How they effected their escape remaineth to this day a mystery, though it cannot be disguised that heavy suspicion fell upon four of the maids. The story went that Shakespeare was a day or two afterwards passed on the London road.

This tale was corroborated by John-a-Combes. For, many years afterwards, a townsman of Stratford, who had quitted his native place for the Indies just at the time that Warwickshire rang with the deeds of the deer-stealers, returned home, and amongst other gossip

was heard to ask the thrifty money-getter what became of that rare spark, Will Shakespeare; him who entered Sir Thomas's park at Charlecote? "Marry, sir," replied John, "the worst has become of him, for after that robbery he went to London, where he turned stage actor, and writ plays, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and such things."

From "Essays"

DOCTOR JOHNSON AND HIS BIOGRAPHER

I. JOHNSON

THOMAS CARLYLE

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been,—Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler! On the whole, a man must not complain of his 'element,' of his 'time,' or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad: well then, he is there to make it better!—Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favourablest outward circumstances, Johnson's life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less; but his *effort* against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus'-shirt on him, which shoots-in on him dull incurable misery: the Nessus'-shirt not to be stript-off, which is his own

natural skin! In this manner *he* had to live. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this Earth; eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at: school-languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better! The largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of 'fourpence-halfpenny a day.' Yet a giant invincible soul; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford: the rough, seamy-faced, raw-boned College Servitor stalking about, in winter-season, with his shoes worn-out; how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door; and the raw-boned Servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts,—pitches them out of window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will; but not beggary: we cannot stand beggary! Rude stubborn self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching away of the shoes. An original man;—not a secondhand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that;—on the reality and substance which Nature gives *us*, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us!

From "Heroes and Hero-worship"

II. BOSWELL

Lord Macaulay

He was the laughing stock of the whole of that brilliant society which has owed to him the greater part of its fame. He was always laying himself at the feet of some

eminent man, and begging to be spit upon and tramped upon. . . . Servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, bloated with family pride, and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman, yet stooping to be a tale-bearer, an eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London, so curious to know everybody who was talked about, that, Tory and High-Churchman as he was, he manœuvred, we have been told, for an introduction to Tom Paine, so vain of the most childish distinctions, that when he had been to Court, he drove to the office where his book was printing without changing his clothes, and summoned all the printer's devils to admire his new ruffles and sword; such was the man, and such he was content and proud to be.

From essay on Samuel Johnson

TWO PORTRAITS OF CHARLES DICKENS

John Forster

Earliest Years

He was a very little and a very sickly boy. He was subject to attacks of violent spasm which disabled him for any active exertion. He was never a good little cricket-player; he was never a first-rate hand at marbles, or peg-top, or prisoner's base; but he had great pleasure in watching the other boys, officers' sons for the most part, at these games, reading while they played; and he had always the belief that this early sickness had brought to himself one inestimable advantage, in the circumstance of his weak health having strongly inclined him to reading. It will not appear, as my narrative moves on, that he owed much to his parents, or was other than in his first letter to Washington Irving he described himself to have been, a "very small and not-over-particularly-taken-care-of boy"; but he has frequently

been heard to say that his first desire for knowledge, and his earliest passion for reading, were awakened by his mother, from whom he learnt the rudiments not only of English, but also, a little later, of Latin. She taught him regularly every day for a long time, and taught him, he was convinced, thoroughly well. I once put to him a question in connection with this to which he replied in almost exactly the words he placed five years later in the mouth of David Copperfield, " I faintly remember her teaching me the alphabet; and when I look upon the fat black letters in the primer, the puzzling novelty of their shapes, and the easy good nature of O and S, always seem to present themselves before me as they used to do."

Dickens in 1837

A look of youthfulness first attracted you, and then a candour and openness of expression which made you sure of the qualities within. The features were very good. He had a capital forehead, a firm nose with full wide nostril, eyes wonderfully beaming with intellect and running over with humour and cheerfulness, and a rather prominent mouth strongly marked with sensibility. The head was altogether well-formed and symmetrical, and the air and carriage of it were extremely spirited. The hair so scant and grizzled in later days was then of a rich brown and most luxuriant abundance, and the bearded face of his last two decades had hardly a vestige of hair or whisker; but there was that in the face as I first recollect it which no time could change, and which remained implanted on it unalterably to the last. This was the quickness, keenness, and practical power, the eager, restless, energetic outlook on each several feature, that seemed to tell so little of a student or writer of books and so much of a man of action and business in the world. Light and motion flashed from every part of it. *It was as if made of steel,*

was said of it, four or five years after the time to which I am referring, by a most original and delicate observer, the late Mrs Carlyle. "What a face is his to meet in a drawing-room!" wrote Leigh Hunt to me, the morning after I had made them known to each other. "It has the life and soul in it of fifty human beings." In such sayings are expressed not alone the restless and resistless vivacity and force of which I have spoken, but that also which lay beneath them of steadiness and hard endurance.

From "Life of Dickens"

CHARLES LAMB

T. N. Talfourd

A LIGHT frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose, slightly curved, and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance, and even dignity, to a diminutive and shadowy stem.

Who shall describe his countenance—catch its quivering sweetness—and fix it for ever in words? There are none, alas! to answer the vain desire of friendship. Deep thought, striving with humour; the lines of suffering wreathed into cordial mirth; and a smile of painful sweetness, present an image to the mind it can as little describe as lose. His personal appearance and manner are not unfitly characterized by what he himself says in one of his letters to Manning of Braham: "A compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel."

From "Life of Charles Lamb"

A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

I GO through the Park once or twice a week to my little retirement, but I will for a week together be in it every day three or four hours, at your command, till you tell me you have seen a person who answers to this description, namely, short; rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints; about five feet five inches; fair wig; lightish cloth coat, all black besides; one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support when attacked by sudden tremors, or startings, and dizziness, which too frequently attack him, but, thank God, not so often as formerly; looking directly fore-right, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; smoothish-faced and ruddy-cheeked; at some times looking to be about sixty-five; at other times much younger; a regular even pace, stealing away ground rather than seeming to rid it; a grey eye too often overclouded by mistiness from the head; by chance lively; very lively it will be if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honours; his eye always on the ladies.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

LORD MACAULAY

The Schoolboy

HIS life at this time seems to have been far from happy. He had, as appears from the admirable portrait of him at Knowle, features harsh even to ugliness. The

small-pox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. Among boys little tenderness is shown to personal defects; and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the playground, and flogged as a dunce in the schoolroom.

The Successful Author

It may seem strange that a man who wrote with so much perspicuity, vivacity, and grace should have been, whenever he took a part in conversation, an empty, noisy, blundering rattle. But on this point the evidence is overwhelming. So extraordinary was the contrast between Goldsmith's published works and the silly things which he said, that Horace Walpole described him as an inspired idiot. "Noll," said Garrick, "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Chamier declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that so foolish a chatterer could have really written the *Traveller*. Even Boswell could say, with contemptuous compassion, that he liked very well to hear honest Goldsmith run on. "Yes, sir," said Johnson, "but he should not like to hear himself."

His associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which, in spite of their admiration of his writings, was not unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft, even to weakness: he was so generous that he quite forgot to be just: he forgave injuries so readily that he might be said to invite them: and was so liberal to beggars that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident. . . . He spent twice as

much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered, to the honour of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting . . . or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers, by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000; and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. . . . "Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the 3rd of April 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in the churchyard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke and Reynolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, when he heard of Goldsmith's death, had burst into a flood of tears. Reynolds had been so much moved by the news that he had flung aside his brush and palette for the day.

From essay on Goldsmith

TRAVELLERS' SKETCHES

THE BEAST OF BURDEN

W. Somerset Maugham

AT first when you see the coolie on the road, bearing his load, it is as a pleasing object that he strikes the eye. In his blue rags, a blue of all colours from indigo to turquoise and then to the paleness of a milky sky, he fits the landscape. He seems exactly right as he trudges along the narrow causeway between the rice fields or climbs a green hill. His clothing consists of no more than a short coat and a pair of trousers; and if he had a suit which was at the beginning all of a piece, he never thinks when it comes to patching to choose a bit of stuff of the same colour. He takes anything that comes handy. From sun and rain he protects his head with a straw hat shaped like an extinguisher with a preposterously wide, flat brim.

You see a string of coolies come along, one after the other, each with a pole on his shoulders from the ends of which hang two great bales, and they make an agreeable pattern. It is amusing to watch their hurrying reflections in the padi water. You watch their faces as they pass you. They are good-natured faces and frank, you would have said, if it had not been drilled into you that the oriental is inscrutable; and when you see them lying down with their loads under a banyan-tree by a wayside shrine, smoking and chatting gaily, if you have tried to lift the bales they carry for thirty miles or more a day, it seems natural to feel admiration for their endurance and their spirit. But you will be thought

somewhat absurd if you mention your admiration to the old residents of China. You will be told with a tolerant shrug of the shoulders that the coolies are animals and for two thousand years from father to son have carried burdens, so it is no wonder if they do it cheerfully. And indeed you can see for yourself that they begin early, for you will encounter little children with a yoke on their shoulders staggering under the weight of vegetable baskets.

The day wears on and it grows warmer. The coolies take off their coats and walk stripped to the waist. Then sometimes in a man resting for an instant, his load on the ground but the pole still on his shoulders so that he has to rest slightly crouched, you see the poor tired heart beating against the ribs: you see it as plainly as in some cases of heart disease in the out-patients' room of a hospital. It is strangely distressing to watch. Then also you see the coolies' backs. The pressure of the pole for long years, day after day, has made hard red scars, and sometimes even there are open sores, great sores without bandages or dressing that rub against the wood; but the strangest thing of all is that sometimes, as though nature sought to adapt man for these cruel uses to which he is put, an odd malformation seems to have arisen so that there is a sort of hump, like a camel's, against which the pole rests. But beating heart or angry sore, bitter rain or burning sun notwithstanding, they go on eternally, from dawn till dusk, year in year out, from childhood to the extreme of age. You see old men without an ounce of fat on their bodies, their skin loose on their bones, wizened, their little faces wrinkled and ape-like, with hair thin and grey; and they totter under their burdens to the edge of the grave in which at last they shall have rest. And still the coolies go, not exactly running, but not walking either, sidling quickly, with their eyes on the ground to choose the spot to place their feet, and on their faces a strained, anxious

expression. You can make no longer a pattern of them as they wend their way. Their effort oppresses you. You are filled with a useless compassion.

In China it is man that is the beast of burden.

From "On a Chinese Screen"

FELLOW-TRAVELLERS

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

ABOUT this time I fell asleep, and enjoyed a comfortable nap till such time as we arrived at the inn where we put up. Here, having alighted from the waggon, I had an opportunity of viewing the passengers in order as they entered. The first who appeared was a brisk, airy girl, about twenty years old, with a silver-laced hat on her head instead of a cap, a blue stuff riding-suit, trimmed with silver very much tarnished, and a whip in her hand. After her came, limping, an old man, with a worsted nightcap buttoned under his chin, and a broad-brimmed hat slouched over it, an old rusty blue cloak tied about his neck, under which appeared a brown surtout, that covered a threadbare coat and waistcoat, and, as we afterwards discerned, a dirty flannel jacket. His eyes were hollow, bleared, and gummy; his face was shrivelled into a thousand wrinkles, his gums were destitute of teeth, his nose sharp and drooping, his chin peaked and prominent, so that, when he mumped or spoke, they approached one another like a pair of nutcrackers: he supported himself on an ivory-headed cane, and his whole figure was a just emblem of winter, famine, and avarice. But how was I surprised, when I beheld the formidable captain in the shape of a little thin creature, about the age of forty, with a long withered visage, very much resembling that of a baboon, through the upper part of which two little grey eyes peeped: he wore his own hair in a queue that reached

to his rump, which immoderate length, I suppose, was the occasion of a baldness that appeared on the crown of his head when he deigned to take off his hat, which was very much of the size and cock of Pistol's.

Having laid aside his great-coat, I could not help admiring the extraordinary make of this man of war: he was about five feet and three inches high, sixteen inches of which went to his face and long scraggy neck: his thighs were about six inches in length, his legs resembling spindles or drumsticks, two feet and a half, and his body, which put me in mind of extension without substance, engrossed the remainder: so that on the whole, he appeared like a spider or grasshopper erect, and was almost a *vox et praeterea nihil*. His dress consisted of a frock of what is called bearskin, the skirts of which were about half a foot long, an hussar waistcoat, scarlet breeches reaching half way down his thighs, worsted stockings rolled up almost to his groin, and shoes with wooden heels at least two inches high; he carried a sword very near as long as himself in one hand and with the other conducted his lady, who seemed to be a woman of his own age, and still retained some remains of an agreeable person, but so ridiculously affected, that, had I not been a novice in the world, I might have easily perceived in her the deplorable vanity and second-hand airs of a lady's woman.

From "Roderick Random"

A QUEER GUIDE

George Borrow

By this time I had had sufficient time to scan my odd companion from head to foot. His utmost height, had he made the most of himself, might perhaps have amounted to five feet one inch; but he seemed somewhat inclined to stoop. Nature had gifted him with an

immense head, and placed it clean upon his shoulders, for amongst the items of his composition it did not appear that a neck had been included. Arms long and brawny swung at his sides, and the whole of his frame was as strong built and powerful as a wrestler's ; his body was supported by a pair of short but very nimble legs. His face was very long, and would have borne some slight resemblance to a human countenance had the nose been more visible, for its place seemed to have been entirely occupied by a wry mouth and large staring eyes. His dress consisted of three articles : an old and tattered hat of the Portuguese kind, broad at the crown and narrow at the eaves, something which appeared to be a shirt, and dirty canvas trousers. Willing to enter into conversation with him, and remembering that the alquilador had informed me that he spoke languages, I asked him, in English, if he had always acted in the capacity of guide ? Whereupon he turned his eyes with a singular expression upon my face, gave a loud laugh, a long leap, and clapped his hands thrice above his head. Perceiving that he did not understand me, I repeated my demand in French, and was again answered by the laugh, leap, and clapping. At last he said, in broken Spanish : " Master mine, speak Spanish in God's name, and I can understand you, and still better if you speak Gallegan, but I can promise no more. I heard what the alquilador told you, but he is the greatest embustero in the whole land, and deceived you then as he did when he promised to accompany you. I serve him for my sins ; but it was an evil hour when I left the deep sea and turned guide." He then informed me that he was a native of Pardon, and a mariner by profession, having spent the greater part of his life in the Spanish navy, in which service he had visited Cuba and many parts of the Spanish Americas, adding : " When my master told you that I should bear you pleasant company by the way, it was the only word of truth that has come from

his mouth for a month; and long before you reach Finisterra you will have rejoiced that the servant, and not the master, went with you. He is dull and heavy, but I am what you see." He then gave two or three first-rate summersets, again laughed loudly, and clapped his hands. "You would scarcely think," he continued, "that I drove that little pony yesterday, heavily laden, all the way from Coruña. We arrived at Padron at two o'clock this morning; but we are nevertheless both willing and able to undertake a fresh journey. *No tenga usted cuidado*, as my master said, no one ever complains of that pony or of me."

From "The Bible in Spain"

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES

Captain Cook

The men were of a middle size, and in general well-made, clean-limbed, and remarkably vigorous, active, and nimble; their countenances were not altogether without expression, and their voices were remarkably soft and effeminate.

Their skins were so uniformly covered with dirt that it was very difficult to ascertain their true colour; we made several attempts, by wetting our fingers and rubbing it, to remove the dirt, but with very little effect. With the dirt, they appear nearly as black as a negro, and according to our best discoveries, the skin itself is of the colour of wood soot, or what is commonly called a chocolate colour.

Their features are far from being disagreeable; their noses are not flat, nor are their lips thick; their teeth are white and even, and their hair long, and naturally black; in general, it is straight, but sometimes it has a slight curl; we saw none that was not matted or filthy, though without oil or grease.

Their beards were of the same colour with their hair, and bushy and thick: they are not, however, suffered to grow long. A man, whom we had seen one day with his beard somewhat longer than his companions, we saw the next with it somewhat shorter, and upon examination found the ends of the hairs burnt; from this incident, and our never having seen any sharp instrument among them, we concluded that both the hair and the beard were kept short by singeing them.

Their principal ornament is the bone which they thrust into or through the cartilage that divides the nostrils from each other. . . . As this bone is as thick as a man's finger, and between five and six inches long, it reaches right across the face; and so effectually stops up both nostrils, that they are forced to keep their mouths wide open for breath, and snuffle so when they attempt to speak, that they are scarcely intelligible even to each other. . . .

Though these people wear no clothes, their bodies have a covering besides dirt, for they paint them both white and red: the red is commonly laid on in broad patches upon the shoulders and breast, and the white in stripes, some narrow and some broad: the narrow were drawn over the limbs, not without some degree of taste. The white was also laid on in small patches upon the face, and drawn in a circle round each eye. The red seemed to be ochre, but what the white was we could not discover: it was close grained and almost as heavy as white lead; to our great regret we could not procure a bit of it to examine. They have holes in their ears, but we never saw anything worn in them.

Upon their bodies they had large scars in irregular lines, which appeared to be the remains of wounds which they had inflicted upon themselves with some blunt instrument, and which we understood by signs to have been memorials of grief for the dead.

From "Voyages"

THE FAIR FATIMA

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

ON a sofa raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the Kiyàya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced everything I have seen, nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no Court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features, that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile. But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new grace. After my first surprise was over, I endeavoured by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable.

Add to all this a behaviour so full of grace and

sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than bred and born for a queen, though educated in a country we called barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her. Her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds; and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. . . .

For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

From a "Letter to the Countess of Mar"

A JOB'S COMFORTER

LORD DUFFERIN

I WAS laid up with a severe bout of illness I had long felt coming on, and Fitz [1] was seasick. I must say, however, I never saw anyone behave with more pluck and resolution; and when we return, the first thing you do must be to thank him for his kindness to me on that occasion. Though himself almost prostrate, he looked after me as indefatigably as if he had already found his sea legs; and, sitting down on the cabin floor, with a basin on one side of him, and a pestle and mortar on the other, used to manufacture my pills, between the paroxysms of his malady, with a decorous pertinacity that could not be too much admired.

Strangely enough, too, his state of unhappiness lasted

[1] The doctor.

a few days longer than the eight-and-forty hours which are generally sufficient to set people on their feet again. I tried to console him by representing what an occasion it was for observing the phenomena of seasickness from a scientific point of view; and I must say he set to work most conscientiously to discover some remedy. Brandy, prussic acid, opium, champagne, ginger, mutton-chops, and tumblers of salt water, were successively exhibited; but, I regret to say, after a few minutes, each in turn *re*-exhibited itself with monotonous punctuality. Indeed, at one time we thought he would never get over it; and the following conversation, which I overheard one morning between him and my servant, did not brighten his hopes of recovery.

This person's name is Wilson, and of all men I ever met he is the most desponding. Whatever is to be done, he is sure to see a lion in the path. Life in his eyes is a perpetual filling of leaky buckets, and a rolling of stones uphill. He is amazed when the bucket holds water, or the stone perches on the summit. He professes but a limited belief in his star,—and success with him is almost a disappointment. His countenance corresponds with the prevailing character of his thoughts, always hopelessly chapfallen; his voice is as of the tomb. He brushes my clothes, lays the cloth, opens the champagne, with the air of one advancing to his execution. I have never seen him smile but once, when he came to report to me that a sea had nearly swept his colleague, the steward, overboard. The son of a gardener at Chiswick, he first took to horticulture; then emigrated as a settler to the Cape, where he acquired his present complexion, which is of a grass-green; and finally served as a steward on board an Australian steam-packet.

Thinking to draw consolation from his professional experiences, I heard Fitz's voice, now very weak, say in a tone of coaxing cheerfulness,—

"Well, Wilson, I suppose this kind of thing does not last long?"

The Voice, as of the tomb.—"I don't know, sir."

Fitz.—"But you must have often seen passengers sick."

The Voice.—"Often, sir; *very* sick."

Fitz.—"Well; and on an average, how soon did they recover?"

The Voice.—"Some of them didn't recover, sir."

Fitz.—"Well, but those that did?"

The Voice.—"I know'd a clergyman and his wife as were ill all the voyage; five months, sir."

Fitz.—(Quite silent.)

The Voice; now become sepulchral.—"They sometimes dies, sir."

Fitz.—"Ugh!"

Before the end of the voyage, however, this Job's comforter himself fell ill, and the Doctor amply revenged himself by prescribing for him.

From "Letters from High Latitudes"

THE FAIR SEX

LORNA DOONE

R. D. Blackmore

BY the side of the stream, she was coming to me, even among the primroses, as if she loved them all; and every flower looked the brighter, as her eyes were on them. I could not see what her face was, my heart so awoke and trembled; only that her hair was flowing from a wreath of white violets, and the grace of her coming was like the appearance of the first wind-flower. The pale gleam over the western cliffs threw a shadow of light behind her, as if the sun were lingering. Never do I see that light from the closing of the west, even in these my aged days, without thinking of her. Ah me, if it comes to that, what do I see of earth or heaven, without thinking of her?

The tremulous thrill of her song was hanging on her open lips; and she glanced around, as if the birds were accustomed to make answer. To me it was a thing of terror to behold such beauty, and feel myself the while to be so very low and common. But scarcely knowing what I did, as if a rope were drawing me, I came from the dark mouth of the chasm; and stood, afraid to look at her.

She was turning to fly, not knowing me, and frightened, perhaps, at my stature; when I fell on the grass (as I fell before her seven years agone that day), and I just said, "Lorna Doone!"

From "Lorna Doone"

THE PREACHER-WOMAN

GEORGE ELIOT

"AN' there's the pretty preacher-woman! My eye, she's got her bonnet off. I mun go a bit nearer."

Several of the men followed Ben's lead, and the traveller pushed his horse on to the Green, as Dinah walked rather quickly, and in advance of her companions, towards the cart under the maple-tree. While she was near Seth's tall figure she looked short, but when she had mounted the cart, and was away from all comparison, she seemed above the middle height of woman, though in reality she did not exceed it—an effect which was due to the slimness of her figure, and the simple line of her black stuff dress. The stranger was struck with surprise as he saw her approach and mount the cart—surprise not so much at the feminine delicacy of her appearance as at the total absence of self-consciousness in her demeanour. He had made up his mind to see her advance with a measured step and a demure solemnity of countenance; he had felt sure that her face would be mantled with the smile of conscious saintship, or else charged with denunciatory bitterness. He knew but two types of Methodist—the ecstatic and the bilious. But Dinah walked as simply as if she were going to market, and seemed as unconscious of her outward appearance as a little boy: there was no blush, no tremulousness, which said, "I know you think me a pretty woman, too young to preach"; no casting up or down of the eyelids, no compression of the lips, no attitude of the arms, that said, "But you must think of me as a saint." She held no book in her ungloved hands, but let them hang down lightly crossed before her, as she stood and turned her grey eyes on the people. There was no keenness in the eyes; they seemed rather to be shedding love than making

observations; they had the liquid look which tells that the mind is full of what it has to give out, rather than impressed by external objects. She stood with her left hand towards the descending sun, and leafy boughs screened her from its rays; but in this sober light the delicate colouring of her face seemed to gather a calm vividness, like flowers at evening. It was a small, oval face, of a uniform transparent whiteness, with an egg-like line of cheek and chin, a full but firm mouth, a delicate nostril, and a low, perpendicular brow, surmounted by a rising arch of parting between smooth locks of pale, reddish hair. The hair was drawn straight back behind the ears, and covered, except for an inch or two above the brow, by a net Quaker cap. The eyebrows, of the same colour as the hair, were perfectly horizontal and firmly pencilled; the eyelashes, though no darker, were long and abundant; nothing was left blurred or unfinished. It was one of those faces that make one think of white flowers with light touches of colour on their pure petals. The eyes had no peculiar beauty, beyond that of expression; they looked so simple, so candid, so gravely loving, that no accusing scowl, no light sneer, could help melting away before their glance. Joshua Rann gave a long cough, as if he were clearing his throat in order to come to a new understanding with himself; Chad Cranage lifted up his leather skull-cap and scratched his head; and Wiry Ben wondered how Seth had the pluck to think of courting her.

"A sweet woman," the stranger said to himself, "but surely nature never meant her for a preacher."

From "Adam Bede"

BLANCHE

W. M. Thackeray

Blanche was fair and like a sylph. She had fair hair with green reflections in it. But she had dark eyebrows. She had long black eyelashes, which veiled beautiful brown eyes. She had such a slim waist, that it was a wonder to behold; and such slim little feet, that you would have thought the grass would hardly bend under them. Her lips were of the colour of faint rosebuds, and her voice warbled limpidly over a set of the sweetest little pearly teeth ever seen. She showed them very often, for they were very pretty. She was very good-natured, and a smile not only showed her teeth wonderfully, but likewise exhibited two lovely little pink dimples, that nestled in either cheek.

She showed Laura her drawings, which the other thought charming. She played her some of her waltzes, with a rapid and brilliant finger, and Laura was still more charmed. And she then read her some poems, in French and English, likewise of her own composition, and which she kept locked in her own book—her own dear little book: it was bound in blue velvet, with a gilt lock, and on it was printed in gold the title of "Mes Larmes."

"Mes Larmes!—isn't it a pretty name?" the young lady continued, who was pleased with everything that she did, and did everything very well. Laura owned that it was. She had never seen anything like it before—anything so lovely, so accomplished, so fragile and pretty; warbling so prettily, and tripping about such a pretty room, with such a number of pretty books, pictures, flowers, round about her. The honest and generous country girl forgot even jealousy in her admiration. "Indeed, Blanche," she said, "everything in the room is pretty, and you are the prettiest of all."

The other smiled, looked in the glass, went up and took both of Laura's hands and kissed them, and sat down to the piano and shook out a little song as if she had been a nightingale.

This was the first visit paid by Fairoaks to Clavering Park, in return for Clavering Park's visit to Fairoaks, in reply to Fairoaks's cards left a few days after the arrival of Sir Francis's family. The intimacy between the young ladies sprang up like Jack's beanstalk to the skies in a single night. The large footmen were perpetually walking with little rose-coloured pink notes to Fairoaks—where there was a pretty housemaid in the kitchen, who might possibly tempt those gentlemen to so humble a place. Miss Amory sent music, or Miss Amory sent a new novel, or a picture from the *Journal des Modes*, to Laura; or my lady's compliments arrived with flowers and fruit; or Miss Amory begged and prayed Miss Bell to come to dinner, and dear Mrs Pendennis, if she was strong enough, and Mr Arthur, if a humdrum party were not too stupid for him; and would send a pony-carriage for Mrs Pendennis, and would take no denial.

. . . . .

Before very many weeks' intimacy with her new acquaintance, however, Miss Laura was obliged to give in to Helen's opinion, and own that the Muse was selfish, unkind, and inconstant. Of course, Blanche confided to her bosom friend all her little griefs and domestic annoyances: how the family could not comprehend her, and she moved among them an isolated being; how her poor mamma's education had been neglected, and she was forced to blush for her blunders; how Sir Francis was a weak person, deplorably unintellectual, and only happy when smoking his odious cigars; how, since the birth of her little brother, she had seen her mother's precious affection, which she valued more than anything in life, estranged from her

once darling daughter; how she was alone, alone, alone in the world.

But these griefs, real and heartrending though they might be to a young lady of exquisite sensibility, did not convince Laura of the propriety of Blanche's conduct in many small incidents of life. Little Frank, for instance, might be very provoking, and might have deprived Blanche of her mamma's affection, but this was no reason why Blanche should box the child's ears because he upset a glass of water over her drawing, and why she should call him many opprobrious names in the English and French languages; and the preference accorded to Little Frank was certainly no reason why Blanche should give herself imperial airs of command towards the boy's governess, and send that young lady upon messages through the house to bring her book or to fetch her pocket-handkerchief. When a domestic performed an errand for honest Laura, she was always thankful and pleased; whereas, she could not but perceive that the little Muse had not the slightest scruple in giving her commands to all the world round about her, and in disturbing anybody's ease or comfort, in order to administer to her own. It was Laura's first experience in friendship; and it pained the kind creature's heart to be obliged to give up as delusions, one by one, those charms and brilliant qualities in which her fancy had dressed her new friend, and to find that the fascinating little fairy was but a mortal, and not a very amiable mortal after all. What generous person is there that has not been so deceived in his time?—what person, perhaps, that has not so disappointed others in his turn?

After the scene with little Frank, in which that refractory son and heir of the house of Clavering had received the compliments in French and English, and the accompanying box on the ear from his sister, Miss Laura, who had plenty of humour, could not help calling

to mind some very touching and tender verses which the Muse had read to her out of "Mes Larmes," and which began, "My pretty baby brother, may angels guard thy rest," in which the Muse, after complimenting the baby upon the station in life which it was about to occupy, and contrasting it with her own lonely condition, vowed nevertheless that the angel boy would never enjoy such affection as hers was, or find in the false world before him anything so constant and tender as a sister's heart. "It may be," the forlorn one said, "it may be, you will slight it, my pretty baby sweet, You will spurn me from your bosom—I'll cling around your feet! O let me, let me love you! the world will prove to you As false as 'tis to others, but *I* am ever true." And behold the Muse was boxing the darling brother's ears instead of kneeling at his feet, and giving Miss Laura her first lesson in the Cynical philosophy.

From "Pendennis"

THREE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

I. MARY

LEW WALLACE

SHE was not more than fifteen. Her form, voice, and manner belonged to the period of transition from girlhood. Her face was perfectly oval, her complexion more pale than fair. The nose was faultless; the lips, slightly parted, were full and ripe, giving to the lines of the mouth warmth, tenderness, and trust; the eyes were blue and large, and shaded by drooping lids and long lashes; and, in harmony with all, a flood of golden hair, in the style permitted to Jewish brides, fell unconfined down her back to the pillion on which she sat. The throat and neck had the downy softness sometimes seen which leaves the artist in doubt whether it is an effect

of contour or colour. To these charms of feature and person were added others more indefinable—an air of purity which only the soul can impart, and of abstraction natural to such as think much of things impalpable. Often, with trembling lips, she raised her eyes to heaven, itself not more deeply blue; often she crossed her hands upon her breast, as in adoration and prayer; often she raised her head like one listening eagerly for a calling voice. Now and then, midst his slow utterances, Joseph turned to look at her, and, catching the expression kindling her face as with light, forgot his theme, and with bowed head, wondering, plodded on.

From "Ben Hur"

II. RUTH

THOMAS HOOD

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean.
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

III. AILIE

DR JOHN BROWN

BY this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet.

I never saw a more unforgettable face—pale, serious, *lonely*, delicate, sweet, without being at all what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery smooth hair setting off her dark-grey eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it: her eyebrows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab's freend, ye ken. We often speak aboot you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon in all his glory been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weather-beaten, keen, worldly face to hers—pale, subdued, and beautiful—was something wonderful.

From "Rab and his Friends"

GROUP-PORTRAITS

THE SURVIVORS

CHARLES KINGSLEY

AND there the survivors sit, beside the silent stream, beneath the tropic moon; sun-dried and lean, but strong and bold as ever, with the quiet fire of English courage burning undimmed in every eye, and the genial smile of English mirth fresh on every lip; making a jest of danger and a sport of toil, as cheerily as when they sailed over the bar of Bideford, in days which seem to belong to some antenatal life. Their beards have grown down upon their breasts; their long hair is knotted on their heads, like women's, to keep off the burning sunshine; their leggings are of the skin of the delicate Guazu-puti deer; their shirts are patched with Indian cotton web; the spoils of jaguar, puma, and ape hang from their shoulders. Their ammunition is long since spent, their muskets, spoilt by the perpetual vapour-bath of the steaming woods, are left behind as useless in a cave by some cataract of the Orinoco: but their swords are bright and terrible as ever; and they carry bows of a strength which no Indian arm can bend, and arrows pointed with the remnants of their armour; many of them, too, are armed with the pocuna or blow-gun of the Indians—more deadly, because more silent, than the firearms which they have left behind them. So they have wandered, and so they will wander still, the lords of the forest and its beasts; terrible to all hostile Indians, but kindly, just, and generous to all who will deal faithfully with them.

From "Westward Ho!"

THE MOHOCKS

RICHARD STEELE

THE president is styled "Emperor of the Mohocks"; and his arms are a Turkish crescent, which his imperial majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief; and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed. An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow creatures is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in their members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity; then make a general sally and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed. To put the watch to total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia is reckoned a *coup d'éclat*. The particular talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another, consist in the various barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with their fingers. Others are called the dancing masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers by running swords through their legs; a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell. . . .

In this manner they carry on a war against mankind.

From "The Spectator"

THE ROAD-MENDERS

LAURENCE BINYON

BUT who is this, that by the brazier red
Encamped in his rude hut,
With many a sack about his shoulder spread
Watches with eyes unshut?
The burning brazier flushes his old face,
Illuming the old thoughts in his eyes.
Surely the Night doth to her secrecies
Admit him, and the watching stars attune
To their high patience, who so lightly seems
To bear the weight of many thousand dreams
(Dark hosts around him sleeping numberless);
He surely hath unbuilt all walls of thought
To reach an air-wide wisdom, past access
Of us, who labour in the noisy noon,
The noon that knows him not.

For lo, at last the gloom slowly retreats,
And swiftly, like an army, comes the Day,
All bright and loud through the awakened streets
Sending a cheerful hum.
And he has stolen away.
Now, with the morning shining round them, come
Young men, and strip their coats
And loose the shirts about their throats,
And lightly up their ponderous hammers lift,
Each in his turn descending swift
With triple strokes that answer and begin
Duly, and quiver in repeated change,
Marrying the eager echoes that weave in
A music clear and strange.
But pausing soon, each lays his hammer down
And deeply breathing bares

His chest, stalwart and brown,
To the sunny airs.
Laughing one to another, limber hand
On limber hip, flushed in a group they stand,
And now untired renew their ringing toil.

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS

ATTILA THE HUN

EDWARD GIBBON

ATTILA, the son of Mundzuk, deduced his noble, perhaps his regal, descent from the ancient Huns, who had formerly contended with the monarchs of China. His features, according to the observation of a Gothic historian, bore the stamp of his national origin; and the portrait of Attila exhibits the genuine deformity of a modern Calmuck; a large head, a swarthy complexion, small deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, a few hairs in the place of a beard, broad shoulders, and a short square body, of nervous strength, though of a disproportioned form. The haughty step and demeanour of the king of the Huns expressed the consciousness of his superiority above the rest of mankind; and he had a custom of fiercely rolling his eyes, as if he wished to enjoy the terror which he inspired. Yet this savage hero was not inaccessible to pity: his suppliant enemies might confide in the assurance of peace or pardon; and Attila was considered by his subjects as a just and indulgent master. He delighted in war; but, after he had ascended the throne in a mature age, his head, rather than his hand, achieved the conquest of the North; and the fame of an adventurous soldier was usefully exchanged for that of a prudent and successful general. The effects of personal valour are so inconsiderable, except in poetry or romance, that victory, even among Barbarians, must depend upon the degree of skill, with which the passions of the multitude are combined and guided for

the service of a single man. The Scythian conquerors, Attila and Zingis, surpassed their rude countrymen in art, rather than in courage; and it may be observed that the monarchies, both of the Huns and of the Moguls, were erected by their founders on the basis of popular superstition.

From "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"

PETER THE HERMIT

H. H. Milman

The Hermit traversed Italy, crossed the Alps with indefatigable restlessness, went from province to province, from city to city. His appearance commanded attention, his austerity respect, his language instantaneous and vehement sympathy. He rode on a mule, with a crucifix in his hand, his head and feet bare; his dress was a long robe girt with a cord, and a hermit's cloak of the coarsest stuff. He preached in the pulpits, in the roads, in the market-places. His eloquence was that which stirs the heart of the people, for it came from his own, brief, figurative, full of bold apostrophes; it was mingled with his own tears, with his own groans; he beat his breast; the contagion spread throughout his audience. His preaching appealed to every passion: to valour and shame, to indignation and pity, to the pride of the warrior, the compassion of the man, the religion of the Christian, to the love of the Brethren, to the hatred of the Unbeliever, aggravated by his insulting tyranny, to reverence for the Redeemer and the Saints, to the desire of expiating sin, to the hope of eternal life. Sometimes he found persons who, like himself, had visited the Holy Land; he brought them forth before the people, and made them bear witness to what they had seen or what they had suffered. He appealed to

them as having beheld Christian blood poured out wantonly as water, the foulest indignities perpetrated on the sacred place in Jerusalem. He invoked the Holy Angels, the Saints in Heaven, the Mother of God, the Lord himself, to bear witness to his truth. He called on the holy places—on Sion, on Calvary, on the Holy Sepulchre, to lift up their voices and implore their deliverance from sacrilegious profanation: he held up the Crucifix, as if Christ himself were imploring their succour.

His influence was extraordinary, even beyond the immediate object of his mission. Old enemies came to be reconciled; the worldliest to forswear the world; prelates to entreat the hermit's intercession. Gifts showered upon him; he gave them all to the poor. His wonders were repeated from mouth to mouth; all ages, both sexes, crowded to touch his garments; the very hairs which dropped from his mule were caught and treasured as relics.

From "History of Latin Christianity"

NORMAN AND SAXON

I. WILLIAM OF NORMANDY

LORD LYTTON

EDITH instinctively raised her eyes, and, once fixed upon the knight, they seemed chained as by a spell. His vest, of a cramoisy so dark, that it seemed black beside the snowy garb of the Confessor, was edged by a deep band of embroidered gold; leaving perfectly bare his firm, full throat—firm and full as a column of granite—a short jacket or manteline of fur, pendant from the shoulders, left developed in all its breadth a breast, that seemed meet to stay the march of an army; and on the left arm, curved to support the

falcon, the vast muscles rose, round and gnarled, through the close sleeve.

In height, he was really but little above the stature of many of those present; nevertheless, so did his port, his air, the nobility of his large proportions, fill the eye, that he seemed to tower immeasurably above the rest.

His countenance was yet more remarkable than his form; still in the prime of youth, he seemed at the first glance younger, at the second older, than he was. At the first glance younger, for his face was perfectly shaven, without even the moustache which the Saxon courtier, in imitating the Norman, still declined to surrender; and the smooth visage and bare throat sufficed in themselves to give the air of youth to that dominant and imperious presence. His small skull-cap left unconcealed his forehead, shaded with short thick hair, uncurled, but black and glossy as the wings of a raven. It was on that forehead that time had set its trace; it was knit into a frown over the eye-brows; lines deep as furrows crossed its broad, but not elevated expanse. That frown spoke of hasty ire and the habit of stern command; those furrows spoke of deep thought and plotting scheme; the one betrayed but temper and circumstance; the other, more noble, spoke of the character and the intellect. The face was square, and the regard lion-like; the mouth—small, and even beautiful in outline—had a sinister expression in its exceeding firmness; and the jaw—vast, solid, as if bound in iron—showed obstinate, ruthless, determined will; such a jaw as belongs to the tiger amongst beasts, and the conqueror amongst men; such as it is seen in the effigies of Cæsar, of Cortes, of Napoleon.

From "Harold"

II. TWO BROTHERS

Lord Lytton

At length, two figures came up the road. . . . The one was dressed in the serge of a pilgrim, and his cowl thrown back, showed the face where human beauty and human power lay ravaged and ruined by human passions. He upon whom the pilgrim lightly leaned was attired simply, without the brooch or bracelet common to thegns of high degree, yet his port was that of majesty, and his brow that of mild command. A greater contrast could not be conceived than that between these two men, yet united by a family likeness. For the countenance of the last described was, though sorrowful at that moment, and indeed habitually not without a certain melancholy, wonderfully imposing from its calm and sweetness. There, no devouring passions had left the cloud or ploughed the line; but all the smooth loveliness of youth took dignity from the conscious resolve of man. The long hair, of a fair brown, with a slight tinge of gold, as the last sunbeams shot through its luxuriance, was parted from the temples, and fell in large waves half-way to the shoulder. The eyebrows, darker in hue, arched and finely traced; the straight features not less manly than the Norman, but less strongly marked; the cheek, hardy with exercise and exposure, yet still retaining somewhat of youthful bloom under the pale bronze of a sunburnt surface; the form tall, not gigantic, and vigorous rather from perfect proportion and athletic habits than from breadth and bulk — were all singularly characteristic of Saxon beauty in its highest and purest type. But what chiefly distinguished this personage, was that peculiar dignity, so simple, so sedate, which no pomp seems to dazzle, no danger to disturb; and which perhaps arises from a strong sense of self-dependence, and is connected

with self-respect—a dignity common to the Indian and the Arab, and rare, except in that state of society in which each man is a power in himself. The Latin tragic poet touches close upon that sentiment in the fine lines—

> Rex est qui metuit nihil;
> Hoc regnum sibi quisque dat.[1]

So stood the brothers, Sweyn the outlaw and Harold the earl.

From "Harold"

TWO PORTRAITS OF CARDINAL WOLSEY

I. WOLSEY IN WHITEHALL

GEORGE CAVENDISH

He came out of his privy chamber, about eight of the clock, apparelled all in red; that is to say, his upper garment was either of fine scarlet, or taffety, but most commonly of fine crimson satin engrained; his pillion of fine scarlet, with a neck set in the inner side with black velvet, and a tippet of sables about his neck; holding in his hands an orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs; the which he most commonly held to his nose when he came among any press, or else that he was pestered with any suitors. And before him was borne first the broad seal of England, and his cardinal's hat by a lord or some gentleman of worship, right solemnly. And as soon as he was entered into his chamber of presence, where there was daily attending upon him, as well noblemen of this realm, and other worthy gentlemen, as gentlemen

[1] "He is a king who fears nothing; that kingdom every man gives to himself."—*Seneca.*

of his own family, his two great crosses were there attending, to be borne before him.

Then cried the gentlemen ushers, going before him, bareheaded, and said, "On before my lords and masters, on before; and make way for my lord cardinal."

Thus went he down through the hall with a sergeant of arms before him bearing a great mace of silver, and two gentlemen carrying of two great pillars of silver; and when he came to the hall door, then his mule stood trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same, and gilt stirrups. Then was there attending upon him, when he was mounted, his two cross bearers, and his pillar bearers, in like case, upon great horses trapped all in fine scarlet.

Then marched he forward, with all about him, bearing each of them a gilt pole-axe in their hands; and thus passed he forth until he came to Westminster Hall door. And there he alighted and went after this manner, up into the Chancery, or into the Star Chamber; howbeit most commonly he would go into the Chancery, and stay awhile at a bar, made for him, beneath the judges, and sometimes with other persons. And that done he would repair into the Chancery, sitting there until an eleven of the clock, hearing of suits and determining of other matters. And from thence, he would divers times go into the Star Chamber, as occasion would serve. There he spared neither high nor low, but judged every estate according to his merits, and deserts.

From "Life of Wolsey"

II. WOLSEY FALLEN

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WOLSEY *speaks*:

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. . . .
O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

From "Henry the Eighth"

MARY TUDOR

W. Harrison Ainsworth

The queen was mounted on a beautiful milk-white palfrey, caparisoned in crimson velvet, fringed with golden thread. She was habited in a robe of violet-coloured velvet, furred with powdered ermine, and wore upon her head a caul of cloth of tinsel set with pearls, and above this a massive circlet of gold covered with gems of inestimable value. Though a contrary opinion is generally entertained, Mary was not without

some pretension to beauty. Her figure was short and slight, but well proportioned; her complexion rosy and delicate; and her eyes bright and piercing, though, perhaps, too stern in their expression. Her mouth was small, with thin compressed lips, which gave an austere and morose character to an otherwise pleasing face. If she had not the commanding port of her father, Henry the Eighth, nor the proud beauty of her mother, Catherine of Arragon, she inherited sufficient majesty and grace from them to well fit her for her lofty station.

No one has suffered more from misrepresentation than this queen. Not only have her failings been exaggerated, and ill qualities which she did not possess attributed to her, but the virtues that undoubtedly belonged to her have been denied her.

If Mary did not possess the profound learning of Lady Jane Grey, she possessed more than ordinary mental acquirements. A perfect mistress of Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian, she conversed in the latter language with fluency. She had extraordinary powers of eloquence when roused by any great emotion, and having a clear logical understanding, was well fitted for argument. Her courage was undaunted; and she possessed much of the firmness of character—obstinacy it might perhaps be termed—of her father. In the graceful accomplishment of the dance she excelled, and was passionately fond of music, playing with skill on three instruments, the virginals, the regals, and the lute. She was fond of equestrian exercise, and would often indulge in the chase. She revived all the old sports and games which had been banished as savouring of mummery by the votaries of the reformed faith. One of her sins in their eyes was a fondness for rich apparel. In the previous reign female attire was remarkable for its simplicity. She introduced costly stuffs, sumptuous dresses, and French fashions.

From "The Tower of London"

A QUEEN IN LOVE

I. MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

MAURICE HEWLETT

A TALL, slim girl, petted and pettish, pale (yet not unwholesome), chestnut-haired, she looked like a flower of the heat, lax and delicate. Her skin—but more, the very flesh of her—seemed transparent, with colour that warmed it from within, faintly, with a glow of fine rose. They said that when she drank you could see the red wine run like a fire down her throat; and it may partly be believed. Others have reported that her heart could be discerned beating within her body, and raying out a ruddy light, now fierce, now languid, through every crystal member. The cardinal, who was no rhapsodist of the sort, admitted her clear skin, admitted her patent royalty, but denied that she was a beautiful girl—even for a queen. Her nose, he judged, was too long, her lips were too thin, her eyes too narrow. He detested her trick of the sidelong look. Her lower lids were nearly straight, her upper rather heavy: between them they gave her a sleepy appearance, sometimes a sly appearance, when, slowly lifting, they revealed the glimmering hazel of the eyes themselves. Hazel, I say, if hazel they were, which sometimes seemed to be yellow, and sometimes showed all black: the light acted upon hers as upon a cat's eyes. Beautiful she may not have been, though Monsieur de Brantôme would never allow it; but fine, fine she was all over—sharp, exquisitely cut and modelled: her sweet smooth chin, her amorous lips, bright red where all else was pale as a tinged rose; her sensitive nose; her broad, high brows; her neck which two hands could hold, her small shoulders and bosom of a child. And then her hands, her waist no bigger than a stalk, her little feet! She had sometimes an intent, considering, wise

look—the look of the Queen of Desire, who knew not where to set the bounds of her need, but revealed to no one what that was. And belying that look askance of hers—sly, or wise, or sleepy, as you choose—her voice was bold and very clear, her manners were those of a lively, graceful boy, her gestures quick, her spirit impatient and entirely without fear. Her changes of mood were dangerous: she could wheedle the soul out of a saint, and then fling it back to him as worthless because it had been so easily got. She wrote a beautiful bold hand, loved learning, and petting, and a choice phrase. She used perfumes, and dipped her body every day in a bath of wine. At this hour she was nineteen years old, and not two months a widow.

From "The Queen's Quair"

II. LORD DARNLEY

MAURICE HEWLETT

My Lord of Darnley, then—this eagle—was a very handsome youth, clean, buxom, and vividly prosperous. He had the most beautiful slim body you ever saw on a young man; and long legs, in whose shape he evidently—and reasonably—took delight. He had that trick of standing with his feet apart—grooms induce their horses to it with the tickling of a whip—and arms akimbo, which, with its blended savour of the Colossus of Rhodes and a French dancer, gives a man the air of jaunty readiness for all comers, and always a hint of gallantry. His head was small and well set on, his colour fresh; his eyes were bright and roving. Yet no one could look more profoundly stupid than he when he chose to be displeased with what was saying. His lips were red, and like a woman's; he had a strong, straight nose, and strong hair, short and curling, in colour a hot yellow. Good-natured he looked, and vain,

and courageous. Mary Seton considered him a dunce, but Mary Beaton denied it. She said he was English.

From "The Queen's Quair"

"THE WISEST FOOL IN CHRISTENDOM"

J. R. Green

His big head, his slobbering tongue, his quilted clothes, his rickety legs, his goggle eyes, stood out in as grotesque a contrast with all that men recalled of Henry or Elizabeth as his gabble and rhodomontade, his want of personal dignity, his vulgar buffoonery, his coarseness of speech, his pedantry, his contemptible cowardice. Under this ridiculous exterior however lay a man of much natural ability, a ripe scholar, with a considerable fund of shrewdness, of mother-wit, and ready repartee. His canny humour lights up the political and theological controversies of the time with quaint incisive phrases, with puns and epigrams and touches of irony, which still retain their savour. His reading, especially in theological matters, was extensive; and he was a voluminous author on subjects which ranged from predestination to tobacco. But his shrewdness and learning only left him, in the phrase of Henry the Fourth, "the wisest fool in Christendom."

From "A Short History of the English People"

WILLIAM III

Gilbert Burnet

He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always

asthmatical; and the dregs of the small-pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little, and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion. He was then everywhere, and looked to everything. . . . He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact observer of men and things. His strength lay rather in a true discerning and sound judgment than in imagination or invention. . . . He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favour those who had the arts of complaisance; yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly in war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him; but his heroical courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him.

From "History of his own Times"

FREDERICK THE GREAT

THOMAS CARLYLE

He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown, but an old military cocked-hat — generally old, or tramped and kneaded into absolute *softness*, if new; no sceptre, but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding stick (with which he hits the horse "between the ears," say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings —coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel

dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an under-hand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

The man is not of god-like physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume; close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative grey eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. . . .

Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; grey, we said, of the azure-grey colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man.

The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious, and sonorous, all tones are in it, from that of ingenious inquiry, graceful sociality,

light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation: a voice "the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard," says witty Dr Moore. "He speaks a great deal," continues the doctor; "yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection."

From "Life of Frederick the Great"

A VARIETY OF TYPES

AN ENGLISH STAGE-COACHMAN

WASHINGTON IRVING

I COULD not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the buttonhole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents. And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untravelled readers, to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that, wherever an English stage-coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat; a huge roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has in summer time a large bouquet of flowers in his buttonhole; the present,

most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright colour, striped, and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey-boots which reach about half-way up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials; and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the ostler; his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust into the pockets of his great coat, and he rolls about the inn yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of ostlers, stableboys, shoeblacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs, for the privilege of battening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the taproom. These all look up to him as to an oracle; treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore; and above all, endeavour to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

From "The Stage Coach"

A BEGGAR

NICHOLAS BRETON

A BEGGAR is the child of idleness, whose life is a resolution of ease. His travel is most in the highways and his rendezvous is commonly in an ale-house. His study is to counterfeit impotency and his practice to cozen simplicity of charity. The juice of the malt is the liquor of his life, and at bed and at board a louse is his companion. He fears no such enemy as a constable, and being acquainted with the stocks must visit them as he goes by them. He is a drone that feeds upon the labours of the bee, and unhappily begotten that is born for no goodness. His staff and his scrip are his walking furniture and what he lacks in meat he will have out in drink. He is a kind of caterpillar that spoils much good fruit and an unprofitable creature to live in a commonwealth. He is seldom handsome and often noisome, always troublesome and never welcome. He prays for all and preys upon all; begins with blessing but ends often with cursing. If he have a license he shows it with a grace, but if he have none, he is submissive to the ground. Sometimes he is a thief but always a rogue, and in the nature of his profession the shame of humanity. In sum, he is commonly born in a barn, lives in a highway, and dies in a ditch.

From "The Good and the Bad"

THE JOVIAL BEGGAR

ANONYMOUS (1660)

THERE was a jovial beggar,
He had a wooden leg,
Lame from his cradle,
And forced for to beg.

And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

A bag for his oatmeal,
Another for his salt,
And a long pair of crutches
To show that he can halt.

A bag for his wheat,
Another for his rye,
And a little bottle by his side
To drink when he's a-dry.

Seven years I begg'd
For my old master Wilde:
He taught me how to beg
When I was but a child.

I begg'd for my master,
And got him store of pelf;
But Heaven now be praised,
I'm begging for myself.

In a hollow tree
I live, and pay no rent,
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.

Of all the occupations
A beggar's is the best,
For whenever he's a-weary,
He can lay him down to rest.

I fear no plots against me,
I live in open cell;
Then who would be a king, lads,
When the Beggar lives so well?
And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

A WAITER

LEIGH HUNT

HIS morning dress is a waistcoat or jacket; his coat is for afternoons. If the establishment is flourishing, he likes to get into black as he grows elderly; by which time also he is generally a little corpulent, and wears hair-powder, dressing somewhat laxly about the waist, for convenience of movement. Not, however, that he draws much upon that part of his body, except as a poise to what he carries; for you may observe that a waiter, in walking, uses only his lower limbs, from his knees downwards. The movement of all the rest of him is negative, and modified solely by what he bears in his hands.

At this period he has a little money in the funds, and his nieces look up to him. He still carries, however, a napkin under his arm, as well as a corkscrew in his pocket; nor, for all his long habit, can he help feeling a satisfaction at the noise he makes in drawing a cork. He thinks that no man can do it better; and that Mr Smith, who understands wine, is thinking so too, though he does not take his eyes off the plate. . . .

To see him dine, somehow, seems hardly natural. And he appears to do it as if he had no right. You catch him at his dinner in a corner—huddled apart—"Thomas dining!" instead of helping dinner. One fancies that the stewed and hot meats and the constant smoke ought to be too much for him, and that he should have neither appetite nor time for such a meal.

Once a year (for he has few holidays) a couple of pedestrians meet him on a Sunday in the fields, and cannot conceive for the life of them who it is; till the startling recollection occurs, "Good gracious! it's the waiter at the Grogram!"

From "London Journal," June 13, 1835.

A TINKER

Sir Thomas Overbury

Is a movable: for he hath no abiding place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage, and sometimes in humility goes bare-foot, thereon making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal Cain's, and so is a renegade by antiquity: yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore he is always furnished with a song: to which his hammer keeping time, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle-drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crochets. The companion of his travel is some foul sun-burnt quean, that since the terrible statute recanted gipsyism, and is turned pedlaress. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage. His conversation is unreprovable; for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore he can rather steal than beg, in which he is unremovably constant in spite of whips or imprisonment: and so strong an enemy to idleness, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work, and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient custom, conversing in open fields, and lowly cottages. If he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which with canting proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no further than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some would take him to be a coward; but believe it, he is a lad of metal, his valour is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the

end for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he 'scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar.

From "Characters"

AN HONEST WORKMAN—GEORGE STEPHENSON

SAMUEL SMILES

BORN in a poor condition, yet rich in spirit, George Stephenson was from the first compelled to rely upon himself, and every step of advance which he made was conquered by patient labour. Whether working as a brakesman or an engineer, his mind was always full of the work in hand. He gave himself thoroughly up to it. Like the painter, he might say that he had become great "by neglecting nothing." Whatever he was engaged upon he was as careful of the details as if each were itself the whole. He did all thoroughly and honestly. There was no 'scamping' with him. When a workman, he put his brains and labour into his work, and when a master he put his conscience and character into it. He would have no shop work executed merely for the sake of profit. The materials must be as genuine as the workmanship was skilful. The structures which he designed and executed were distinguished for their thoroughness and solidity; his locomotives were famous for their durability and excellent working qualities. The engines which he sent to the United States in 1832 are still in good condition, and even the engines built by him for the Killingworth Colliery, upwards of thirty years ago, are working steadily there to this day. All his work was honest, representing the actual character of the man.

From "Lives of George and Robert Stephenson"

"MANNERS MAKETH MAN"

Lord Chesterfield

However trifling a genteel manner may sound, it is of very great consequence towards pleasing in private life . . . and I have known many a man from his awkwardness, give people such a dislike of him at first, that all his merit could not get the better of it afterwards. Whereas a genteel manner prepossesses people in your favour, bends them towards you, and makes them wish to like you.

Awkwardness can proceed from two causes; either from not having kept good company, or from not having attended to it. As for your keeping good company, I will take care of that; do you take care to observe their ways and manners, and to form your own upon them. Attention is absolutely necessary for this, as indeed it is for everything else; and a man without attention is not fit to live in the world. When an awkward fellow first comes into the room, it is highly probable that his sword gets between his legs, and throws him down, or makes him stumble at least; when he has recovered this accident, he goes and places himself in the very place of the whole room where he should not; then he soon lets his hat fall down, and, in taking it up again, throws down his cane; in recovering his cane, his hat falls a second time; so that he is a quarter of an hour before he is in order again. At dinner, his awkwardness distinguishes itself particularly, as he has more to do: there he holds his knife, fork, and spoon differently from other people; eats with his knife to the great danger of his mouth, picks his teeth with his fork, and puts his spoon, which has been in his throat twenty times, into the dishes again. If he is to carve, he can never hit the joint; but, in his vain efforts to cut through the bone, scatters the

sauce in everybody's face. His hands are troublesome to him, when he has not something in them, and he does not know where to put them; but they are in perpetual motion between his bosom and his breeches: he does not wear his clothes, and, in short, does nothing, like other people. All this, I own, is not in any degree criminal; but it is highly disagreeable and ridiculous in company, and ought most carefully to be avoided by whoever desires to please.

From "Letters to his Son"

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is herself) is far better than the outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long a-bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her, too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of

June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and, in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and the beehive are all her physic and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them: only a Friday's dream is all her superstition: that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

From "Characters"

THE PERFECT HUSBAND

I. A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY VIEW

DOROTHY OSBORNE

THERE are many ingredients must go to the making me happy in a husband. My cousin F. says our humours must agree, and to do that he must have that kind of breeding that I have had, and used to that kind of company; that is, he must not be so much a country gentleman as to understand nothing but hawks and dogs, and be fonder of either than of his wife; nor of the next sort of them, whose time reaches no farther than to be justice of peace, and once in his life high sheriff,

who reads no book but statutes, and studies nothing but how to make a speech interlarded with Latin, that may amaze his disagreeing poor neighbours, and fright them rather than persuade them into quietness. He must not be a thing that began the world in a free school, was sent from thence to the university, and is at his farthest when he reaches the inns of courts; has no acquaintance but those of his form in those places; speaks the French he has picked out of old laws, and admires nothing but the stories he has heard of the revels that were kept there before his time. He must not be a town gallant neither, that lives in a tavern and an ordinary; that cannot imagine how an hour should be spent without company unless it be in sleeping; that makes court to all the women he sees, thinks they believe him, and laughs and is laughed at equally. Nor a travelled Monsieur, whose head is feathered inside and outside, that can talk of nothing but of dances and duels, and has courage enough to wear slashes, when every body else dies with cold to see him. *He must not be a fool of no sort, nor peevish, nor ill-natured, nor proud, nor courteous; and to all this must be added, that he must love me, and I him, as much as we are capable of loving.* Without all this his fortune, though never so great, would not satisfy me, and with it a very moderate one would keep me from ever repenting my disposal.

From "A Letter to Sir William Temple"

II. THE "SPECTATOR" RECEIVES A LETTER

JOSEPH ADDISON

MR SPECTATOR,

Now, sir, the thing is this: Mr Shapely is the prettiest gentleman about town. He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like an angel. His mouth is made I do not know how, but it is the prettiest that

I ever saw in my life. He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit. If you did but see how he rolls his stockings! He has a thousand pretty fancies, and I am sure, if you saw him, you would like him. He is a very good scholar, and can talk Latin as fast as English. I wish you could but see him dance. Now you must understand poor Mr Shapely has no estate; but how can he help that, you know? and yet my friends are so unreasonable as to be always teasing me about him, because he has no estate: but I am sure he has that that is better than an estate; for he is a good-natured, ingenious, modest, civil, tall, well-bred, handsome man, and I am obliged to him for his civilities ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell you that he has black eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in them. And yet my friends are so unreasonable, that they would have me be uncivil to him. I have a good portion which they cannot hinder me of, and I shall be fourteen on the 29th day of August next, and am therefore willing to settle in the world as soon as I can, and so is Mr Shapely. But everybody I advise with here is poor Mr Shapely's enemy. I desire, therefore, you will give me your advice, for I know you are a wise man; and if you advise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance, and am, Sir, your most humble servant, B. D.

He loves your *Spectators* mightily.

From "The Spectator"

EXERCISES

HOW TO WRITE A PEN-PORTRAIT

It is quite possible for us to meet anybody without being able to picture him clearly in our mind's eye, let alone describe him to others. The reason is that he has made no definite impression upon us. He possesses few, if any, distinctive features or characteristics that mark him off from the generality of mankind. We say he is just an ordinary, commonplace person, and proceed to forget all about him. But we cannot treat everybody in this way. Some personalities thrust themselves upon our attention. A striking face, an ungainly figure, an unfashionable dress, or some eccentricity of speech or behaviour—each serves to distinguish its owner, so that we carry away with us his portrait stamped, so to speak, upon our memory. The same thing is noticeable in looking at photographs or pictures in an album. We are most interested in those that strike us as being unusual, distinctive, expressive—as standing out somehow from the rest.

Now let us suppose you are told to meet at the station a visitor who is coming to stay at your home. If you have never seen him before you will be at a loss to know how to recognize him, unless you are carefully prepared beforehand. What details will be most useful to you? We will imagine that he is an uncle who has just come to England from a long residence in the tropics. Here his complexion will be some guide. Then, again, your parents will be able to tell you his height, the colour of his hair, his build, and possibly other general characteristics. All this will help, for it will narrow your search and save your attention from being dissipated in the wrong directions. But if some really striking detail is given you—for example, if you know that he walks with a limp, or has only one arm, or an unusually fierce moustache—you are still better off, and should find little difficulty in 'spotting your man.' Notice, however, how much depends on the accuracy of the description you are given before you go to the station. Such a description is necessarily in words (unless you have a photograph at your disposal) but if it were written down it would be called a pen-portrait.

We often indulge in such portraiture when we want to convey to a third person some impression of a new acquaintance. It may be that some of you have been to a party and have been introduced to several strangers, whom you are anxious to describe to your parents on your return home. Your description will depend for its success on several factors. In the first place you must have been sufficiently observant to remember a fair number of details about personal appearance. The more significant these details are, the more vivid will be your portraits. By significant we mean expressive, charged with meaning. It is often possible to give a good idea of a person's appearance in a few words, if you select them carefully. For example, "a sandy-haired, snub-nosed little boy with goggle-eyes and a perpetual grin" will convey a great deal of meaning, because you have hit upon the significant details, the points that matter.

When we get to know an acquaintance better, we can begin to form an estimate of his *character*. Strictly speaking, most of us do this immediately on seeing him; for the very look of a person tempts us to jump to conclusions. Some people pride themselves on being able to read anybody's character by his face; but it is unwise to rely on first impressions of this kind. As a rule it is only through conversation and personal contact extending over a considerable time that we can form a general estimate of any value. It is through behaviour—using that term in its widest sense—that personality gradually reveals itself.

But here again, in order to describe character, it will be necessary to seize upon significant factors. Every human being is different in some way or other from the rest of mankind, and it should be our aim to individualize people by noticing these differences. Most of these come under the heading of habits of speech or behaviour, though it is well to remember that "actions speak louder than words," and a definite type of character is that of the hypocrite, whose actions belie his words.

The word 'type' is important, for in all portraiture and characterization we tend to classify human beings and put them into special categories. In other words, we use comparison as well as contrast. To label a creature a dwarf is to put him in a definite class; so it is to call him a cad or a bore. Based on similarities of appearance and behaviour, then, are a large number of types, which nevertheless do not preclude the possibility of variation within themselves. No two giants are

exactly alike, nor is every bore turned out on the same pattern. There are *individual* differences.

You will find that any good author observes a certain order of procedure in portraying his characters, though this order will vary according to the kind of effect he wishes to produce. He may arrest your attention at the outset by emphasizing the unusual aspects, and then pass on to the more general characteristics afterward. Or he may give you a general impression first, and then proceed to add distinguishing marks of personality and appearance. But, whatever his method, he will aim at a judicious selection of facts, and an apt choice of words, in order to secure power or artistry in expression. This is true whether he is giving a portrait or a character-sketch: to secure the desired effect he will choose the most appropriate details and then put them in the most appropriate dress. It is interesting to note *how* he succeeds in impressing his readers, so that you may use some of his devices for yourselves.

One of these is the use of anticipation, which is well illustrated in the portrait of Ben Gunn. Here your interest is aroused—you are kept wondering—until step by step the mysterious stranger is explained.

Another is the adoption of figures of speech, of which those dealing with comparisons and contrasts are the most important. In this connection see the Scrooge of Dickens, who excels in simile and metaphor.

Yet another is to pay particular attention to the setting of the picture, so that the reader is left to imagine a great deal for himself. In the portrait of Lorna Doone the details are suggested by the surroundings—they are not actually described. The poet often goes to work in this way, as you will see from the verse extracts in this book.

The selection of facts and words has already been mentioned. Adjectives, verbs, nouns, and adverbs—in this order—are the important parts of speech. The fitting use of adjectives plays a great part in creating a picturesque effect, while the right choice of verbs is essential to express character through action and movement.

Finally, the orderly development of a portrait or character-sketch is imperative. A good writer does not go to work in a haphazard way, but marshals his details, situations, and events in a definite sequence, knitting the paragraphs together effectively so as to produce a comprehensive whole.

If you bear these facts in mind, and study the hints and exercises on the extracts given in this collection, you should be able to produce some quite entertaining portraits for yourselves, and find pleasure in creating something new in the way of literary composition.

ARMS AND THE MAN

THE BLACK KNIGHT AND FRIAR TUCK

This is an episode in which both characters are gradually developed.

1. Imagine you are the Knight, and are trying to describe Friar Tuck in a very few words. What characteristics would you choose to make your portrait effective?
2. What points of comparison can you find between these two persons, apparently very different?
3. What makes the Friar a humorous character?
4. Compare the Black Knight with the Crusader in Extract 2.
5. From this episode show how first impressions may be misleading.
6. Can you guess the real identity of the Black Knight? For another portrait of him and his host see *Maid Marian*, by T. L. Peacock.

WARRIORS OF OLD

I. The Knight of the Couchant Leopard
II. The Nubian Slave
III. Sir Lancelot

Here are four portraits connected with chivalry. Note the stress laid in all of them on dress and accoutrements.

1. The Knight of the Couchant Leopard and the Nubian Slave are one and the same person. What makes the disguise successful?
2. What are the chief points of contrast between the two antagonists in the desert combat?
3. What qualities in Christian and Saracen make it possible for them to become friends?
4. The poem is full of colour. Quote references to illustrate this.
5. Try to add other details to the portrait of Sir Lancelot. Material may be obtained from *The Faerie Queene*, by Edmund Spenser.
6. Make a list of the weapons mentioned, and describe the most unusual.

AN ARCHER OF THE SCOTTISH GUARD

1. Would you call this a complete portrait? On what details is most stress laid?

2. Imagine you are meeting for the first time an uncle who is an officer in a modern Highland regiment. Record your impressions.

3. Sum up the points of Le Balafré's appearance which entitle him to be called 'grim.'

4. Why was a Scottish Archer serving in France? How could he be identified as a Scotsman?

SERJEANT SCALES

1. Give a suitable adjective to sum up the general appearance of this soldier.

2. Compare this portrait with that of Le Balafré.

3. In what respects does the modern soldier remind you of Serjeant Scales?

4. What is an officer's servant called nowadays? Give a short sketch of one, describing his duties.

THREE FAMOUS COMMANDERS

I. Cæsar as a Soldier
II. The Duke of Marlborough
III. Napoleon

1. Which of these portraits gives the most complete account of military genius?

2. Of the three commanders, which can you best see in your mind's eye?

3. All three were popular with their soldiers. Account for this.

4. Describe Cæsar's chief characteristics in a single sentence.

5. Marlborough's portrait, as here given, is sometimes considered to flatter him. Read the account of him in Thackeray's novel *Esmond* and draw your own conclusions.

6. Summarize what you are actually told about Napoleon. If you had never heard of him before, would this portrait satisfy you?

7. Describe Napoleon either seated at a table or standing in the open air. In what picture you have seen does he look most imposing?

8. Which of these three commanders have been portrayed in poetry or drama? Relate a brief anecdote or quote a famous saying in connection with any one of them.

A PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

1. Turn this picture of a hero into a short story.
2. Why are you given the worst side of his character first?
3. Imagine you are a comrade, and describe him in a letter to your parents.
4. This portrait contains a moral. What is it?

SEA-DOGS

AN OLD SEA-DOG

1. To what period of history does this sea-dog belong? (See *Treasure Island*, Chapter I.)
2. Pick out the phrases that most effectively describe the Captain as a man to be feared.
3. Can you discover any unexpected contrasts in this portrait?
4. Imagine you are the boy's father, and then give your version of the Captain's behaviour.

THE TARRY BUCCANEER

1. Here is a portrait which idealizes a pirate. What points of contrast do you notice between it and the picture of "an old sea-dog"?
2. Which details help you most in 'seeing' the Buccaneer? *Or*, How does the poet succeed in giving suitable local colour?

MAROONED

Note how your expectations are aroused before the actual portrait of Ben Gunn is given.

1. How is the tragedy of this picture brought out?
2. Imagine you are marooned, and describe your first day on the island.
3. Try to put yourself in Ben Gunn's place at the time of this meeting. Give an account of your feelings and your actions.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

1. You have probably read *Robinson Crusoe*. What advantages did he possess over Ben Gunn?
2. In what respects does Crusoe present a humorous appearance?

3. Describe the rescue of a shipwrecked sailor who has been the only occupant of an island for (*a*) a week, (*b*) a year. What differences would you need to introduce into the two accounts?

4. Read *The Story of Alexander Selkirk*, by Richard Steele, or *The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk*, by William Cowper, in order to make this sketch more nearly complete. Try to awaken sympathy by means of your description.

5. Make a list of Crusoe's equipment. Why the basket and the umbrella?

JOHN OXENHAM

1. What makes this portrait picturesque?
2. How does the concluding paragraph help you to know Oxenham more intimately?
3. Explain the phrase in brackets.
4. Suggest the effect of Oxenham's appearance and speech on his audience.

SEUMAS BEG

1. A boy has described this as a most unusual kind of portrait —in verse. Why?
2. How does this returned sailor compare with John Oxenham?
3. If you had to pick him out of a crowd, how would you recognize him?

NELSON

1. How is Nelson made a more attractive hero than Napoleon?
2. Why is this said to be an ideal portrait?
3. What details of Nelson's personal appearance—not mentioned here—would make him easily recognizable?

AN ODD COLLECTION

RIP VAN WINKLE

1. Using the material of this sketch, describe Rip Van Winkle from his wife's point of view, then from that of a friendly neighbour.
2. Account for his "universal popularity."
3. Why is his wife called a "termagant"?
4. Compare this portrait with that of Jack, by E. V. Lucas. Which of the two men do you think was the lazier?
5. Why is the dog brought into the picture?
6. Describe Rip Van Winkle in a single word or phrase.

TWO AWKWARD FOLK

I. Miss Slowboy
II. Sloppy

1. Are these portraits caricatures?
2. What peculiarities have Miss Slowboy and Sloppy in common?
3. "They are both well-meaning creatures." Prove this.
4. Sloppy is called one of the "Awkward Squad." Imagine him later on in the army, and describe him on parade.
5. Write a sketch of Miss Slowboy engaged in washing dishes.

RIVAL LOVERS

I. Ichabod Crane goes a-courting

1. Why is Ichabod said to be "a suitable figure for such a steed"?
2. Of what value are the similes in this portrait?
3. What humorous effects are produced by this picture?
4. Describe any other ludicrous ride you have read about—*e.g.*, John Gilpin's.

II. Brom Van Brunt

1. What sort of people would look upon this fellow as a "regular nuisance"?
2. Do you think he would make a good soldier?
3. What references are made to horsemanship in this description?
4. Brom was one of Ichabod Crane's rivals in love. Contrast the chances of the pair on a wooing expedition.
5. How could you pick him out from his comrades in one of their frolics?

MISS MURDSTONE

This is a boy's impression of an unwelcome visitor.

1. Try to express in one word the character of this lady.
2. What are her chief signs of strength and weakness?
3. How does this portrait depend for its effect on a catalogue of Miss Murdstone's belongings?
4. Peggotty was the servant. Give briefly her probable opinion of the visitor.

ALFRED JINGLE

1. If you look at *Pickwick Papers* you will find that Mr Jingle's conversation is as peculiar as his appearance. Would you expect him to be a talkative man?
2. Describe him in a phrase of three words.

3. Does the conclusion of this portrait seem unexpected?
4. Omit the last sentence and proceed to sketch Mr Jingle's character on more ordinary lines.

TOPSY

1. One adjective keeps recurring in this portrait. What is it? Make use of it in an alternative title.
2. What references are made to Topsy which indicate her position as a slave?
3. Quote references to show the effect of her sudden appearance on Miss Ophelia.
4. Note the expressiveness of Topsy's face. Suppose you can see her head peeping round the door and describe her appearance in your own words.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC

1. What does this extraordinary title mean?
2. Describe the effect he has on his companions.
3. Which lines of the poem do you consider sarcastic?
4. Describe a railway journey with "a chronic grumbler" as your companion.
5. Quote the technical terms used in this sketch, and explain their meaning.

FIVE MINIATURES

These portraits should be studied together for the purposes of comparison and contrast. Note the various devices by means of which the smallness of the five dwarfs is conveyed.

Suggest some other fanciful portraits that are well known to young children.

A STRANGE VISITOR

1. Compare this portrait with the other four 'miniatures.' Which of them does it resemble most?
2. What details help you to see the aptness of the title?
3. How far is Gluck's character indicated in this sketch?
4. Say why the words 'refractory,' 'concerto,' and 'petulantly' are important. Look them up in your dictionary and find their exact meaning in this episode.

THE EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT

1. How does Swift's description give you the impression of being exact?
2. Attempt a brief sketch of a modern Tom Thumb.
3. What details help you to realize that this dwarf is a royal personage?

MISS MOWCHER

1. Is this portrait a caricature? Which details of the lady's appearance would strike you most forcibly?
2. Notice how different are the methods by which Swift and Dickens obtain their effects. Suggest telling adjectives used by each author.
3. Would you find Miss Mowcher an entertaining companion? If so, why?
4. How does Dickens make her entrance dramatic?

QUILP

1. Sum up your impressions of this dwarf in a single phrase or sentence.
2. Contrast Quilp's face with that of Miss Mowcher. Which features make his aspect most forbidding?
3. What habits do you dislike especially in Quilp?
4. Suggest a trade to which he might belong.

PIGWIGGEN ARMING

This is a fanciful portrait which may well be compared with that of the Emperor of Lilliput.

1. What devices are used by the writer to increase the formidable effect of this tiny warrior?
2. What do you find unusual about the rime in this poem? Note any archaic words and expressions.
3. Reproduce any other fairy portrait you know.

GOOD SPORTSMEN

THREE CRICKETERS

I. Alfred Mynn
II. Tom Sueter
III. A Cricket Bowler

1. Which of these portraits is the most modern?
2. What humorous touches make Alfred Mynn appear more gigantic?
3. Compare Tom Sueter with any county batsman or wicket-keeper of to-day.
4. How are your impressions of skill heightened in these sketches?

5. Make the boy bowler of the poem into a fielder, and draw his portrait.

6. What popular boys' book contains an account of a cricke match? Describe the hero as he appears on the field.

7. Attempt a portrait of a diminutive cricketer.

THE PERFECT FIVES-PLAYER

1. What seem to you to be the most necessary qualities for becoming a perfect fives-player?

2. Compare John Cavanagh with any expert at a modern ball-game. Suggest a motto that might have been his.

3. Explain the quotation, and name any sport of which it could be true.

4. What details are lacking in this portrait? Why are they unnecessary?

JACK JACKSON, PUGILIST

1. Describe this pugilist as he would appear in the ring.

2. How far does his street attire add to his attractive appearance?

3. What are the supposed typical features of a bruiser? Which of these are possessed by Jack Jackson?

4. Add any qualities you think helpful to give a more complete idea of Jackson's skill.

A WRESTLING CHAMPION

1. This is another glimpse of the past. To what period does it seem to belong?

2. Who has borrowed this episode, and for what purpose?

3. Explain the allusions. Why are they introduced?

4. Rewrite the story in simple modern English.

A ROYAL SPORTSMAN—KING HENRY V

1. Criticize the statement that this portrait is "a catalogue of virtues."

2. At what modern sports would Henry V be likely to excel?

3. If you have read Shakespeare's *Henry V* you will now see from what source the playwright obtained some of his ideas for the king's character. Which qualities mentioned by Lodge appear most noticeably in the play?

4. Rewrite the first paragraph, using modern spelling.

ROBIN HOOD'S ARCHERS

1. From the material provided in this poem write a short description of an archery contest.
2. What was a proficient archer able to do?
3. Describe a single member of Robin Hood's band. How would he be recognizable without his bow and arrows?
4. Is there any exaggeration in these verses?

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

JOE

1. What makes Joe a likeable little fellow?
2. How does he differ from the other boys in this book?
3. Make a pen-portrait of a ragamuffin, giving him some of Joe's good qualities.
4. What indication do you find that this is not a twentieth-century portrait?

A LAZY, IDLE BOY

1. This portrait forms one of a series of holiday impressions at a little place called Chur. Where is this?
2. What author could you put in place of Dumas?
3. Make a list of the most expressive epithets applied to the boy.
4. Describe a modern errand-boy reading a 'dreadful' along the street.

YOUNG BAILEY

This is a humorous character-sketch. The boy is described, you will notice, by what he says and does, and you are left to infer his appearance.

1. Attempt a pen-portrait of him for yourself.
2. Suppose you are one of the lodgers. Can you invent another nickname for Young Bailey?
3. This boy is precocious. What does this mean? Give examples of his precocity.
4. What do you learn about Mrs Todgers and the Pecksniffs?
5. Describe a Christmas party at which one of the guests is peculiar in his (or her) behaviour.

TWO OBJECTIONABLE BOYS

I. A Young Bully
II. The Artful Dodger

1. Which of these boys is the more objectionable? (The second is a pickpocket.)

2. How far would you say that John Read's character is a reflection on his mother?

3. Does the fact that he is being described by a girl make any difference to your opinion of him?

4. What details of the Artful Dodger's appearance create a humorous effect? Which of them would be most useful to enable you to recognize him in the flesh?

5. Give a character-sketch of a school bully (if any still exist!).

6. Why are the inverted commas important in the portrait of John Read?

7. Describe what you imagine the Artful Dodger's behaviour would be like if he were caught picking pockets by a policeman.

A CHILD'S PORTRAIT

To J. H.

1. Who is the speaker in this poem?

2. In what respects could the child be called a "rogue"?

3. Imagine J. H. is your little brother, and sketch him sitting at table.

4. Try to write a pen-portrait in verse of a little girl.

COUNTRY FOLK

TOM CORDERY, THE POACHER

1. What made Tom Cordery a notable person in his own neighbourhood?

2. In what respects could he be called a good sportsman?

3. Compare this portrait with that of Jack. Account for the popularity of such a man as a poacher.

4. Explain the reference to Medusa.

5. How would you recognize Tom among a group of companions?

MRS WILLOW

This poem suggests far more than it actually tells you about Mrs Willow. Poetry is often like that: it leaves you to form your own portrait by stimulating your imagination.

1. Notice the number of negatives used. Is it possible to describe anyone very clearly in this way?

2. The lady is a mystery. Try to solve the problem of her present mode of life by sketching her past history.

3. Write a list of adjectives you might apply to a hermit.

4. Try to sum up Mrs Willow's character in a sentence.

A DIVINE OF THE OLD SCHOOL

1. How is the character of this divine shown by his language?
2. Suggest the Rev. Dr Folliott's hobbies.
3. Explain the old-fashioned expressions and words of Latin origin. Translate if possible the Latin phrases.
4. "Peacock's literary flavour is peculiar." Illustrate this by examples.
5. Tell the story of this country gentleman's adventure in your own words.

WILL WIMBLE

1. How far does the letter to Sir Roger help you to guess at the character of the writer?
2. Why was Will Wimble "a welcome guest at every house"?
3. What were his disadvantages as a younger brother?
4. Give a short account of Will Wimble as a sportsman.
5. Compare his good deeds with those of any similar type of character in this book.
6. How far would you consider him eccentric?

A COUNTRY DOWAGER

1. What is a dowager? How can you tell that the writer's godmother is one?
2. Elsewhere is a description of her home. Imagine it for yourselves, and give a brief account of its exterior.
3. In what way may this lady be called reserved?
4. Would you call her a true 'country' type?

JACK

1. Why is the village so proud of its Jack?
2. Explain the adjectives "versatile" and "irresponsible" as applied to Jack.
3. Why does the writer compare him with Rip Van Winkle?
4. Explain what is meant by saying that "he was a cheerful Pagan, with no temptation to break more than the Eighth Commandment."
5. Imagine you are one of the boys who loved Jack, and write a letter begging him to come home again. (For this purpose suppose you have learned his whereabouts from a former villager who has just returned from abroad.)
6. "So picturesque." Why?

OLD AGE

SCROOGE

1. This is one of Dickens's best-known characters. Compare him with Goldsmith's " Man in Black," who concealed a kind heart beneath an ungenerous and surly exterior.

2. If you read *A Christmas Carol* you will see how Scrooge reforms, and can sketch him in his character of a changed man. How does Dickens make us realize Scrooge's hard, cold nature ?

3. Try to imagine you are employed in his office, and write a letter asking for an increase of salary.

GRANDFATHER JAMES
THE LAST LEAF

1. Justify the adjective " quaint " as applied to both these old men. What other qualities have they in common ?

2. Why is the title of *The Last Leaf* suitably chosen ?

3. Which of these portraits is the more effective ? Does the poetry make any difference to the general impression produced by the second of them ?

4. Old James is described as a mason. Note the details dealing with his trade, and attempt a similar sketch of a cobbler.

5. In stanza 2 of *The Last Leaf* there is a reference to the Town Crier ? Does this official still exist ? What would be his duties ?

COUNT FOSCO

1. What is the Count's most striking characteristic ?

2. Explain why he is called " strange."

3. How does he try to please others ?

4. Collect the details that refer to his personal appearance and draw his pen-portrait.

5. What is the secret of his power over animals ?

MISS BATES

Here is a picture of an ordinary person leading a quiet life.

1. How is her happiness explained ?

2. Make a list of her virtues, and compare her with the country dowager.

3. Try to write a dialogue between her and a neighbouring gossip.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

THE THREE WISE MEN

These portraits are taken from chapter one of *Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ.*

1. Are you given any hint of the nature of their quest?
2. Why is the first portrait drawn in greater detail than the rest?
3. Compare this desert scene with that in chapter one of *The Talisman.* Which of them gives the fuller picture of the surrounding country?
4. What are the most important details that help you to distinguish the different nationalities of the three travellers?
5. Write a short sketch entitled "Desert Hospitality."

GLAUCUS

1. In order to appreciate this portrait fully you will need to understand the allusions to "Praxiteles," "arabesque," "stilus and tablets," "reliefs of the Olympian games." How do they help to produce a more telling effect?
2. Compare this Greek costume with that of the fugitive beau (see p. 133).
3. Make a list of words expressive of Glaucus's beauty of face and figure.
4. Attempt a pencil sketch of the chariot, or a description in your own words of the horses.
5. Try to describe Glaucus's features. What is a Grecian nose?

AN OLD-TIME LEECH

1. Why is the old leech described as an imposing figure?
2. Olden methods of surgery seem very quaint to us. Are any of them still used? How would a modern doctor treat a patient like Gerard?
3. Sketch a portrait of a physician or a dentist of to-day.
4. Imagine you are the boy in this episode, and tell in your own words what happened to your master.
5. In Chaucer's "Prologue" to the *Canterbury Tales* you will find a curious portrait of a Doctor of Physik. Compare the two descriptions and attempt a composite sketch.
6. How does Denys influence your opinion of the leech in this episode?

ROBIN HOOD

1. Do you agree that Robin Hood was a patriot?
2. What qualities did he possess that enabled him to become the leader of a band of outlaws?

3. Describe him as a chivalrous character.
4. The author calls Robin a popular hero. What reasons can you give other than those he mentions?
5. Try to write a dialogue between Robin Hood and a rich abbot.

MAID MARIAN

The heroine of the story *Maid Marian*, by Thomas Love Peacock, is here described by means of a dialogue between two friars. (*Cf.* "A Divine of the Old School.")

1. Criticize the dialogue. Which friar wins?
2. Can you guess who is the madcap earl?
3. Look up the classical allusions. Why is this essential in Peacock's portraits? Is it worth doing?
4. What domestic virtues in woman are most commended by the little friar?
5. Attempt a portrait of Marian dressed as a forester.
6. Explain "panegyric," "superfluity," "panacea," "virago," "hoyden."

TWO BEAUX

I. A Fugitive Beau

II. Hotspur's Description of a Fop.

1. Are these beaux in their proper historical order? How can you tell?
2. Recalling what you have learned about Milton, contrast his probable appearance with that of the fugitive.
3. Why does Hotspur despise his fop so much? Is he justified in all his criticisms?
4. To which of these beaux could you apply the word "effeminate"?
5. Give a pen-portrait of a modern dandy.

A HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN

1. How is the social position of the chieftain emphasized in this portrait?
2. Explain "all the peculiarities of the northern physiognomy," "peremptory command," "transient lour of the eye."
3. Attempt a pen-portrait of any soldier in a Highland regiment.

THE PARISH SCHOOLMASTER

1. Contrast this schoolmaster with a teacher of the present day.
2. Is he easy to picture? Fill in a few details of his appearance from your own imagination.
3. Make a list of his good points.

LITERARY PORTRAITS

SHAKESPEARE AT TWENTY-TWO

This episode is not founded absolutely on fact.

1. Compare the portrait with that of Shakespeare in later life. You have probably seen a picture or bust of him somewhere.
2. What signs of his future greatness are already apparent?
3. Notice the different opinions expressed by the spectators, and account for the sympathy of some and the hostility of others.
4. Can you explain John-a-Combes' statement that "the worst has become of him"?

DOCTOR JOHNSON AND HIS BIOGRAPHER

I. JOHNSON
II. BOSWELL

1. These two men were great friends. Why does this seem surprising?
2. What makes the contrast between Johnson and Boswell more marked?
3. Do either of these portraits help you to guess why Boswell became Johnson's biographer?
4. Describe the "heroic" qualities mentioned by Carlyle.
5. Sum up Boswell in a single short sentence.

TWO PORTRAITS OF DICKENS

1. Does Dickens as a boy lead you to expect great things of him? What disadvantages did he suffer? Contrast the two portraits of him so as to discover the qualities he developed as a result of hard experience.
2. "What a face is his to meet in a drawing-room!" Comment on this remark about Dickens.
3. Why is it said of him that he did not look like a student or an author?
4. What were Dickens's most attractive features or his most striking qualities of character?

CHARLES LAMB

1. Why is Lamb sometimes called a "lovable" fellow?
2. Has he any traits of character in common with Dickens?
3. What signs of intellectual greatness can you discover in this portrait of him?
4. Why does Talfourd find it difficult to describe Lamb's countenance?

A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

1. Richardson describes his own appearance. Could you write your own pen-portrait so as to make yourself recognizable? What characteristics would you single out for special emphasis?
2. "Cheerful in adversity." How far does this apply to Richardson?
3. Rewrite the author's account of himself, using short sentences.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

1. In what respects does Goldsmith the man resemble Goldsmith the boy?
2. How was he handicapped at school? How true would it be to say that he never had a chance?
3. What were his chief moral failings, and why was he liked in spite of them?
4. Explain Garrick's opinion of Goldsmith.

TRAVELLERS' SKETCHES

THE BEAST OF BURDEN

1. Notice how picturesque are the first impressions, how pathetic the second.
2. Why is compassion useless? Yet how is it aroused?
3. Write a sympathetic portrait of an English beast of burden.
4. Describe the landscape that forms the setting for this picture.
5. Why is the writer called a realist?

FELLOW-TRAVELLERS

1. The main portrait here is that of a captain who, judged by his language in the dark, had given the impression of being "formidable." How is this impression destroyed?
2. What is meant by "grotesque"? Is the captain a grotesque figure?
3. Note the comparisons, and quote two of the most effective.
4. What feelings does the old man inspire? How may he be judged by his face and figure?

A QUEER GUIDE

1. Why is this man described as an "odd" companion? Quote three sentences as illustrations.

2. What information does he give (*a*) about himself, (*b*) about his master?

3. Write a short traveller's tale introducing a queer guide of a different nationality.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES

Note the careful observation necessary to give so complete a portrait as this.

1. Which of the details are based on fact and which on conjecture?

2. If an aboriginal were dressed in European clothes how would you recognize him?

3. What unexpected characteristics appear in this portrait?

4. Describe (using any picture you may possess) the general appearance of a native warrior in the Old World.

THE FAIR FATIMA

Note what an enthusiastic portrait this is.

1. Do you think the writer is guilty of exaggeration? Why is she afraid of being accused of extravagance?

2. Note the comparisons made between Fatima and English ladies.

3. How does the setting enhance the portrait?

4. Imagine you are Fatima, and describe your guest.

5. Is the writer a lady of artistic taste?

A JOB'S COMFORTER

1. Explain this title.

2. Sketch a dialogue between Wilson and the doctor (Fitz) when the former was ill and the latter attending him.

3. Would you call this a humorous episode? If so, try to discover exactly where the humour lies.

THE FAIR SEX

LORNA DOONE

Here is an example of a portrait in a most artistic setting. Lorna is not described at all, yet you can picture her because she fits in so admirably with her surroundings.

1. What qualities are suggested by this portrait?

2. Make a note of the similes used.

3. This is said to be a poetical description. Why? Quote any sentences or phrases of great beauty.

THE PREACHER-WOMAN

1. Why is this title used by Wiry Ben to describe Dinah?
2. What is the keynote of her character?
3. Do you agree that "nature never meant her for a preacher"?
4. What did the stranger find surprising in her demeanour?

BLANCHE

1. Here you have a portrait of a young lady whose character belies her appearance. Notice how her friend becomes disillusioned, and trace the stages by which this is accomplished.
2. Invent a title other than a proper name for this sketch.
3. What is meant by the cynical philosophy?
4. How does the effect of this picture depend on the use of adjectives? Give a list of the most important.
5. Try a similar sketch of your own, in which the lady improves on acquaintance.

THREE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

I. Mary II. Ruth III. Ailie

In all these portraits there is reverent charm.

1. Why may they be called idyllic?
2. What qualities are common to all three women?
3. How are you able to recognize the Virgin Mary in No. 1?
4. Read the story of Ruth in the Old Testament so as to be able to add details for a character-sketch.
5. Why is Ailie entitled to be called beautiful?

GROUP-PORTRAITS

In a group-portrait no one individual is described, but a general impression is created. For this purpose only those characteristics common to the whole company need to be mentioned.

THE SURVIVORS

1. How does this title show at a glance the tie that binds the whole group together?
2. What alternative title might be given?
3. What details help you to realize the hardships endured by these men? How are they made to appear still a band of foes to be reckoned with?

THE MOHOCKS

1. This is a picture of an eighteenth-century street gang. Describe any modern parallel, with some account of its activities.
2. Which single sentence gives the essential characteristics of the Mohocks?
3. Explain "*coup d'éclat*," "misanthropes," "barbarities."

THE ROAD-MENDERS

1. How does the writer of this poem make toil seem attractive?
2. How is the impression of great physical strength created?
3. Who is the old man by the brazier? What is actually told and what is suggested about him here?

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS

ATTILA THE HUN

1. The word 'Hun' has now a special meaning. How far does Attila fit in with it?
2. From this portrait try to discover on what lines a historian goes to work in writing a character-sketch.
3. What are the author's opinions on the value of authority based on force?
4. Is Attila handsome, judged by our standards? What was the most impressive thing about his appearance?
5. Describe his chief characteristics by grouping together the best phrases in this passage to form a single sentence.

PETER THE HERMIT

1. Why is Peter the Hermit a famous historical figure?
2. Account for his success as a preacher.
3. To what Biblical character may he be compared?
4. Describe a modern missionary and his work among the natives of a savage tribe.

NORMAN AND SAXON

I. William of Normandy
II. Two Brothers

These portraits show you the heroes of the famous battle of Hastings, and provide an interesting contrast.

1. Which type, Norman or Saxon, gives you the greater impression of will-power?
2. Make a list of the chief differences (*a*) in appearance, (*b*) in character, between William and Harold.

3. Sweyn is referred to as an outlaw. Does this statement come as a surprise?

4. How is the Saxon made more attractive than the Norman in these descriptions?

TWO PORTRAITS OF CARDINAL WOLSEY

I. Wolsey in Whitehall
II. Wolsey Fallen

1. Here you have an historical picture of Wolsey at the height of his power followed by a dramatic picture of his fall. Which is the more effective?

2. What is the predominant colour in Wolsey's pageantry? Why?

3. Combine the two extracts and use the material for a short character-sketch.

4. What proverb is suggested to you by Wolsey's career?

5. What is a soliloquy, and how does it help you to judge character?

MARY TUDOR

1. What surprises are provided by this portrait?

2. What general qualities are mentioned as being typical of Tudor monarchs?

3. Compare Mary's appearance with that of any other English queen.

4. Give any details of her character that have been omitted here.

A QUEEN IN LOVE

I. Mary Queen of Scots
II. Lord Darnley

1. From these descriptions would you say that Darnley was a suitable husband for Mary Queen of Scots?

2. Collect the allusions to light, heat, and colour in these portraits.

3. What queenly qualities had Mary? Compare her personality with that of Mary Tudor.

4. How does the reference to the Colossus of Rhodes help you to see Darnley?

5. How far do you agree with the Cardinal's opinion of the Queen? Why should it differ from that of her courtiers?

THE WISEST FOOL IN CHRISTENDOM

1. What are the particular methods used by the author in sketching this portrait?

2. Would this Stuart monarch be likely to improve on acquaintance?

3. Contrast him with his successor.

WILLIAM III

1. Would you say this character is carefully drawn? If so, why?
2. Separate the pen-portrait from the rest of the sketch, and point out those details that might give a misleading impression.
3. Give examples of vigorous qualities possessed by William III.
4. Is there any indication other than the title that this is a portrait of a king?

FREDERICK THE GREAT

1. Carlyle's style is said to be difficult. Why is this? Does his unusual way of writing make or mar his portrait of Frederick the Great?
2. Which details help you most to give an estimate of Frederick's character? What signs of his greatness are apparent?
3. What parentheses does Carlyle employ, and have they any special use?
4. Note the importance of the eyes in this portrait. What other features are emphasized?
5. How far can the voice be said to indicate character generally? Sketch a portrait of a big man with a little voice.
6. How is the idea of Spartan simplicity worked out in connection with Frederick the Great?

A VARIETY OF TYPES

AN ENGLISH STAGE-COACHMAN

1. Here you have a portrait of a popular English type that has now disappeared. Why is it easy to picture this character?
2. Summarize the chief details of the coachman's appearance.
3. Account for his popularity.
4. Describe a journey by coach, paying particular attention to the driver.
5. What famous book by Charles Dickens contains the portrait of a coachman? In what respects is that portrait similar to this?
6. Describe a bus driver of to-day.

A BEGGAR
THE JOVIAL BEGGAR

1. Describe a modern beggar. Do you think the type has changed much since Breton's time?

2. In what does the second beggar's joviality consist? How is he made picturesque?

3. Which of these two portraits is easier to remember, and why?

A WAITER

1. This sketch is only a portion of the original. Suggest any details that might be added.

2. What, according to Leigh Hunt, are the peculiar characteristics common to all waiters?

3. In what respects is Thomas a careful man?

4. Give a sketch of a modern waiter or waitress as a type.

A TINKER

1. This is a witty study of a type. How is the wit obtained?

2. What historical and other references of interest are contained in this portrait?

3. Draw any other *choleric* type. *Or*, Describe the general characteristics of a pedlar or a costermonger.

AN HONEST WORKMAN—GEORGE STEPHENSON

1. This sketch provides a model of character. Apply the same method to a description of any other type of worker—*e.g.*, a gardener or a cobbler.

2. Supply an alternative title suggestive of the predominant quality of Stephenson's character.

3. Find a mixed metaphor in this passage.

4. Is the writer trying to teach a moral lesson? If so, what is it?

MANNERS MAKETH MAN

1. Suggest an alternative title for this.

2. The extract is taken from a letter by a man of the world to his son. Why is so much stress laid on the value of deportment?

3. Have Society manners changed since the letter was written?

4. Describe a shy visitor at a birthday-party or a dance.

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

1. The Milkmaid is Overbury's most popular character. Can you explain why?

2. Which of her qualities would be admirable in any type of woman and which belong specially to her own type?

3. Give an example of antithesis in this passage. Which sentences are most worthy of quotation?

THE PERFECT HUSBAND

I. A Seventeenth-century View

II. The "Spectator" receives a Letter

1. The letter from which the first of these portraits is taken was written about the year 1653. It is from a lady to the gentleman she afterward married.

Try a corresponding sketch of a perfect wife of the same period.

2. The second portrait is an imaginary letter describing a possible husband. It is taken from an essay on "Asking Advice on Affairs of Love."

Which of Mr Shapely's qualities seem to appeal most to B. D.?

3. Uncles seem popular nowadays. Write a sketch of one you would like to adopt.

4. Bring either of the portraits of a perfect husband up to date.

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